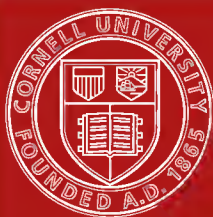




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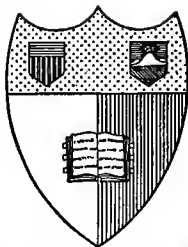
ANTONY
AND
CLEOPATRA



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Antony and Cleopatra

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

ANTONY & CLEOPATRA

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

W. J. ROLFE

AND SEVENTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

PAUL AVRIL



NEW-YORK

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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

BY W. J. ROLFE, LITT. D.

There are no portions of English and Roman history that seem so real to us as those which Shakespeare has made the subjects of his plays. « History », said Macaulay, before he had written history, « should be a compound of poetry and philosophy, impressing general truths on the mind by a vivid representation of particular characters and incidents ». The true poet, then, must be the best of historians. He sees the mere facts or phenomena of the past more clearly than other men do, and his penetrative vision pierces yet deeper to the spiritual forces that work out the phenomena; as the man of science sees the subtle electricity behind the flash of the lightning and the roll of the thunder. History, unless it be of the ideal type described by Macaulay, merely writes the obituary of the dead past; Poetry calls it back from the grave, and makes it live again before our eyes. The moral lessons of history are

made the more impressive by this vivid presentation. The actual life appeals to our hearts as no « moral » tagged on at the end of the written record of it possibly could.

Shakespeare saw the life of the past with this penetrating poetic vision, and he reproduced it as perfectly as he saw it. It does not follow, as some have assumed, that he knew the dry facts of history very thoroughly, as Bacon, for instance, or Ben Jonson did. Ben Jonson wrote Roman plays which, in minute attention to the details of the manners and customs of the time, are far more scholarly and accurate than Shakespeare's. He accompanies them with hundreds of notes, giving classical quotations to illustrate the action and the language. The work shows genuine poetic power as well as laborious research; and yet the result is far inferior to that of Shakespeare's less pedantic treatment of kindred subjects. The latter knows less of classical history and antiquities, but has a deeper insight into human nature, which is essentially the same in all ages.

Those who believe that Francis Bacon wrote the plays ascribed to Shakespeare regard them as conspicuous illustrations of the classical learning of their author. The fact is, they are conspicuous illustrations of his plentiful lack of such learning. How is it then that the ignoramus outdoes the scholar in setting the old Roman life truthfully before us? How is it that the man of « small Latin » reproduces Latin life and character with a skill to which his learned friend and critic could never attain? As we have intimated, it is simply because the inferior scholar is the superior poet. Grant the combination of pre-eminent genius with

the « small Latin », and all is clear. Shakespeare's knowledge of man was almost superhuman; and as Agassiz from a single scale could reconstruct the fish, so Shakespeare from a few rudimentary facts could recreate the man or the people. His schoolboy lessons in Roman history in the Stratford Grammar School, supplemented by his later reading in a single volume, North's PLUTARCH, were all that he needed, outside of himself, for the production of JULIUS CÆSAR, and ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, and CORIOLANUS.

These Roman plays were not written in immediate succession, nor in the chronological order of the events upon which they are based. JULIUS CÆSAR, the second in the historical sequence, was the first in the order of composition, having been written, as an allusion to it in Weever's MIRROR OF MARTYRS proves, before 1601, when that book was printed. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, though historically in close connection with JULIUS CÆSAR, was probably not written until six or seven years after that play — in 1607 or early in 1608 — and CORIOLANUS, earliest in its history, was the last to be produced, the date of its composition being fixed by the best critics between 1608 and 1610. It may have followed close upon ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, or at an interval of one or more years.

The date mentioned for ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA is that agreed upon by nearly all the commentators. No one of any note places it earlier than 1607, while Knight, Verplanck, and Lloyd are the only ones who put it later than 1608. The only piece of external evidence bearing upon the question is the entry of an ANTONY AND CLEO-

PATRA in the Stationers' Registers (equivalent to our modern registration for copyright) to Edward Blount on the 20th of May, 1608. There can be little doubt that this was Shakespeare's play, since Blount, as one of the publishers of the Folio in 1623, re-entered it among the plays for that volume which were « not formerly entered to other men ». No edition having been brought out after the entry in 1608, he thus re-asserted his claim to the copyright. It may be noted that « the booke of PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE », was entered by Blount at the same time with ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA in 1608. No author's name is given for either play in the entry, but PERICLES was published in quarto the following year with Shakespeare's name on the title-page.

This external evidence to the date is strongly confirmed by the internal evidence, drawn from metre and style, and from the links that connect this play with others of the same period in the poet's literary career. The critics who count the « light endings », the « weak endings », and other peculiarities of the verse, come to the same conclusion with those who note the broader characteristics of style and dramatic treatment, and with those who trace the development of the author's mind and art as shown in the succession of the later tragedies. It is impossible to illustrate this in detail within our present limits; but we cannot refrain from quoting what Dowden has said on the relation of the play to the other Roman plays and to MACBETH:

« The events of Roman history connect ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA immediately with JULIUS CÆSAR; yet Shakespeare allowed a number of years to pass, during which he

was actively engaged as author, before he seems to have thought of his second Roman play. What is the significance of this fact? Does it not mean that the historical connection was now a connection too external and too material to carry Shakespeare on from subject to subject, as it had sufficed to do while he was engaged upon his series of English historical plays? The profoundest concerns of the individual soul were now pressing upon the imagination of the poet. Dramas now written upon subjects taken from history became not chronicles, but tragedies. The moral interest was supreme. The spiritual material dealt with by Shakespeare's imagination in the play of JULIUS CÆSAR lay wide apart from that which forms the centre of the ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. Therefore the poet was not carried directly forward from one to the other.

But having in MACBETH (about 1606) studied the ruin of a nature which gave fair promise in men's eyes of greatness and nobility, Shakespeare, it may be, proceeded directly to a similar study in the case of Antony. In the nature of Antony, as in the nature of Macbeth, there is a moral fault or flaw, which circumstances discover and which in the end works his destruction. In each play the pathos is of the same kind, — it lies in the gradual severing of a man, through the lust of power or through the lust of pleasure, from his better self. By the side of Antony, as by Macbeth's side, there stood a terrible force in the form of a woman, whose function it was to realize and ripen the unorganized and undeveloped evil of his soul. Antony's sin was an inordinate passion for enjoyment at the expense of Roman virtue and manly energy; a prodigality of heart

a superb egoism. After a brief interval, Shakespeare went on to apply his imagination to the investigating of another form of egoism, — not the egoism of self-diffusion, but of self-concentration. As Antony betrays himself and his cause through his sin of indulgence and laxity, so Coriolanus does violence to his own soul and to his country through his sin of haughtiness, rigidity, and inordinate pride. Thus an ethical tendency connects these two plays, which are also connected in point of time; while ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, although historically a continuation of JULIUS CESAR, stands separated from it, both in the chronological order of Shakespeare's plays and in the logical order assigned by successive developments of the conscience, the intellect, and the imagination of the dramatist. »

In this, as in the other Roman plays, Shakespeare drew his materials almost exclusively from Sir Thomas North's translation of Bishop Amyot's French version of Plutarch's LIVES. Not only the main historical action, but also many of the minor incidents, speeches, and touches of characterization are taken from this source. As Trench remarks, « we have in Plutarch not the framework or skeleton only of the story, no, nor yet merely the ligaments and sinews, but very much also of the flesh and blood wherewith these are covered and clothed ». Gervinus has observed that even single expressions and words, « such as one unacquainted with Plutarch would consider in form and manner to be quite Shakespearian, and which have not unfrequently been quoted as his peculiar property », are not really his but the old Greek biographer's. It is a curious illustration of this that Hazlitt cites, as a striking example of the

imagination displayed by the poet, the passage in which Cleopatra refers to her birthday (Act III, scene 13):

It is my birthday :

I had thought to have held it poor; but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

But this is taken from North : « From henceforth Cleopatra, to clear herself of the suspicion he had of her, made more of him than ever she did. For first of all, where (that is, whereas) she did solemnize the day of her birth very meanly and sparingly, fit for her present misfortune, she now, in contrary manner, did keep it with such solemnity that she exceeded all measure of sumptuousness and magnificence. » More than one critic has eulogized « the high-hearted answer » of Charmian to the expostulation of the Roman soldier in the final scene :

GUARD

What work is here! Charmian, is this well done?

CHARMIAN

It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.

But this also is from Plutarch, with slight alteration except what is necessary to put it into verse : « One of the soldiers seeing her, angrily said unto her : Is that well done, Charmian? — Very well, said she again, and meet for a princess descended from the race of so many noble kings. »

And yet, freely as the dramatist has drawn from the ancient author, how insignificant after all is his real indebtedness to him! So far as the historical materials of the play are concerned, he may owe to him, as Trench has

said, not merely the skeleton, but the flesh that clothes it ; but when we compare the finished poetry with the borrowed prose, the latter appears only as the dry bones which the mighty magician has transformed into a living thing of beauty and a joy forever.

The key-note of the play is struck in the opening speech. Demetrius and Philo see and lament the enthrallment of Antony by the Egyptian queen, and his indifference to his reputation and responsibilities as a soldier and a Roman :

Nay, but this dotage of our general's
 O'erflows the measure : those his goodly eyes,
 That o'er the files and musters of the war
 Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn
 The office and devotion of their view
 Upon a tawny front ; his captain's heart,
 Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
 The buckles on his breast, renegs all temper,
 And is become the bellows and the fan
 To cool a gypsy's lust —

Look where they come !

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
 The triple pillar of the world transform'd
 Into a strumpet's fool. Behold and see.

If this had been made a formal prologue to the play, it could hardly have been more appropriate and significant « Behold and see » is the poet's apostrophe to the theatre and to the world for all time. « Enter Antony and Cleopatra. » Behold and see the tragedy of their sin and their fate.

The first utterances of the pair are an avowal of the love that is to be their curse and ruin, — love lawless and unrestrained, to which no bourn can be set while heaven

and earth remain as they are. A messenger enters with news from Rome; but news from his country and his home « grates » the recreant triumvir and husband. Cleopatra, however, would fain satisfy herself whether his « faith unfaithful » continues « falsely true » in spite of possible appeals from Octavius or Fulvia :

Nay, hear them, Antony.

Fulvia perchance is angry; or who knows
 If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
 His powerful mandate to you, « Do this, or this;
 Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
 Perform 't, or else we damn thee?... »
 Perchance, — nay, and most like, —
 You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
 Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.
 Where 's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's, I would say? both?
 Call in the messengers. — As I am Egypt's queen,
 Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine
 Is Cæsar's homager; else so thy cheek pays shame
 When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds.

The sarcasm, like a poisoned arrow, goes straight to the mark, and Antony, stung by the envenomed barb, cries out :

Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
 Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space.
 Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike
 Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
 Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair

(Embracing),

And such a twain can do 't, in which I bind,
 On pain of punishment, the world to weet
 We stand up peerless.

The die is cast. Rome and Fulvia are repudiated fully

Antony and Cleopatra.

b

and finally. The « soul's tragedy », as Browning would have called it, is complete. The subjective ruin of the man is consummated, and nothing remains but to show its objective phenomena and results. The spasms of penitence and remorse that he feels at times afterwards are but as eddies in the swift and resistless current that sweeps him onward and downward to his doom.

Antony is no new acquaintance in the Roman company to whom Shakespeare introduces us. We have met and known him in JULIUS CÆSAR, and some of the earliest allusions to him in that play give us a hint of the moral taint that in the end undoes him. Brutus sneers at the « quick spirit » that is in Antony and makes him « gamesome ». The wary and sagacious Cassius, who, as Cæsar notes, is « a great observer » and « looks quite through the deeds of men », recognizes the real ability of the man, only the more dangerous from his want of principle. But Brutus sees only the profligate, « given to sports, to wildness, and much company », who, rather than die for his friend Cæsar, will live and laugh at his fate. And so Antony, contrary to the judgment of Cassius, is suffered to « outlive Cæsar ». But Cassius was right and Brutus was wrong, as they both found out to their sorrow when Brutus — again in the face of his politic fellow-conspirator's warning — gave Antony leave to « speak in Cæsar's funeral ».

That famous oration displayed at once the strength and the weakness of Antony. If it had been the honest, disinterested, patriotic utterance it professed and seemed to be, it would have been as noble as it was able and brilliant; but it was simply a superb piece of demagogism. The

speech ends with the announcement of Cæsar's gifts to the plebeians in his will — the meanest but most effective appeal that could be made to them. « Here was a Cæsar » indeed for them; « when comes such another? » But what are almost the first words of this friend of the people when he next appears on the stage?

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Cæsar's eloquent executor will cheat the legatees of the dead Dictator to the utmost degree he can. The next moment, when Lepidus has gone on this errand, Antony says to Octavius:

This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands; is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

He goes on to plot against his partner, calling Lepidus a mere ass, to be tolerated while he is useful as a beast of burden, and then to be turned off, like the ass, « to shake his ears and graze in commons ». We get only these casual glimpses of Antony after the great scene in the forum, but they all unite to illustrate the tricky man's utter lack of principle. He is a profligate turned demagogue, just as later we find him a demagogue turned profligate again. He plays upon the Roman plebeians as upon a pipe by the subtlety and sophistry of his oratory; but he himself becomes a pipe on which the Egyptian siren plays what tune she will.

And yet Antony, as Shakespeare brings him before us, is not entirely unattractive. Paul Stapfer aptly defines him as « a noble nature destitute of moral sense »; in Plutarch « frankly despicable, and even positively odious, while Shakespeare adds many happy and delicate touches which render him, if not altogether lovable, at least an interesting and wellnigh a beautiful character ». The dramatist, if not completely true to history, cannot be charged with being actually false to it. As Trench has remarked, the fact that the play starts from a late period of Antony's career « enables Shakespeare to leave wholly out of sight, and this with no violation of historic truth, much in the life of the triumvir which was wickedest and worst. There are followers who cleave to him in his lowest estate, even as there are fitful gleams and glimpses of generosity which explain this fidelity of theirs; and when at the last we behold him standing amid the wreck of fortunes and the waste of gifts, the whole range of poetry offers no more tragical figure than he is, few that arouse a deeper pity. »

Cleopatra, by general consent of the critics, is the most wonderful of all Shakespeare's feminine creations. As Campbell the poet observes, « he paints her as if the gypsy herself had cast her spell over him, and given her own witchcraft to his pencil ». There may be more in this than a figure of rhetoric. Courtenay, Gervinus, Massey, Ward, Furnivall, Dowden and others agree in the opinion that the « dark lady » of Shakespeare's Sonnets, « his own fickle, serpent-like, attractive mistress », may be to some extent portrayed in the Egyptian queen. « May we

dare », asks Dowden, « to conjecture that Cleopatra, queen and courtesan, black from « Phœbus' amorous pinches », a « lass unparalleled », has some kinship through the imagination with the dark lady of the virginal? » Now that we know almost certainly who this dark lady was, this conjecture becomes far more probable. Mr. Thomas Tyler, in his book on the Sonnets (London, 1890), has identified her as Mary Fitton, maid of honor (God save the mark!) to Queen Elizabeth, and mistress of William Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke. From what we learn of her, she had « strong passions conjoined with an imperious, masterful will ». Mr. Tyler adds : « The queenly commanding qualities of Mrs. Fitton are not to be mistaken. Her character, in its strength, resembles that of her royal mistress, who declared : « I have the heart of a king, and of a king of England too. » She could, as we learn from Mrs. Martin, « tuck up her clothes, take off her head-dress, and, attired in a large white cloak, march off, « as though she had been a man », to meet the Earl of Pembroke outside the court ». This reminds us of Cleopatra when Antony invites her to « wander through the streets » at night and « note the qualities of people ». Compare the more detailed description of Plutarch : « Sometime also, when he (Antony) would go up and down the city disguised like a slave in the night, and would peer into poor men's windows and their shops, Cleopatra would also be in a chamber-maid's array, and amble up and down the streets with him. »

Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill ?

Shakespeare asks the dark lady in the 150th Sonnet. This is like Antony's exclamation,

Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes;

and the declaration of Enobarbus :

For vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

The Sonnets would furnish many another point of resemblance between the English and the Egyptian courtesan, if our present limits permitted us to follow out the comparison.

No critic has ever commented upon Cleopatra without quoting the passage we all know by heart :

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety;

and therein lay the main secret of her fascination. The wanton may have sensual charms and attractions in the highest degree, but men are soon sated with these, and tire of the charmer unless she have something of this versatility which continually offers fresh allurements and new forms of captivation. As Enobarbus says,

other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies.

This recalls Hamlet's description of his mother :

Why she would hang on him
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on.

Cleopatra had this rare gift of her sex in utmost perfection. It was the spell that had enthralled Pompey and Cæsar even in what she called her « salad days »; for, as Plutarch says, « they knew her when she was but a young thing, and knew not then what the world meant ». We might wonder that now, at the mature age of thirty-nine, she could retain the powers of fascination that she possessed in the early bloom of womanhood; but, if she had lost any personal graces that time could take away, which is possible if not probable, the loss was more than made up by what she had learned from long experience in the art of love. That which was at first an instinct or impulse had indeed become an art with her, an art of marvellous complexity, of indescribable subtlety. She had carried it to a degree of refinement which a woman like Charmian, though by no means a novice in this feminine cunning, could hardly comprehend. Cleopatra knew how to attract by repulsion, to allure by antagonism, to lash a man into hotter love by taunts and jeers and sarcasms. Charmian's philosophy is of a simpler sort, and even when her royal mistress has laughed at it she is still disposed to cling to it.

CLEOPATRA

See where he is, who 's with him, what he does;
I did not send you. — If you find him sad,
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: quick, and return.

Exit Alexas.

CHARMIAN

Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

W me

CLEOPATRA

What should I do, I do not?

CHARMIAN

In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

CLEOPATRA

Thou teachest like a fool, — the way to lose him.

CHARMIAN

Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear:

In time we hate that which we often fear.

We see, in the scene with Antony which follows, how perfectly the queen puts her theory into practice, how she teases and torments and irritates her lover, and laughs at his impotent wrath, bidding Charmian note

How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

But she knows when to stop; she does not, as Charmian has feared she might, « tempt him so too far ». After she has worried him almost past endurance, she suddenly checks herself and bids him farewell with genuine and fascinating tenderness:

But, sir, forgive me,

Since my becoming's kill me when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you. Upon your sword
Sit laurel victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

Verily, as Antony has said, « she is cunning past man's thought » but not past woman's wit. And this cunning is shown in almost infinitely varied ways. She can change with every shifting mood of her lover, adapting herself to

his humor, or sway his mood at will, compelling him to her own humor or caprice. She can outdo him in revelling and debauchery. She can fool him to the top of his bent. She can see through the petty tricks to which his vanity tempts him, and turn the tables upon him by shrewder tricks of the same kind which he does not suspect until he is entrapped and laughed at.

CHARMIAN

'T was merry when

You wager'd on your angling, when your diver
Did hang a salt fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

CLEOPATRA

That time, — O times! —

I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.

The story of the fishing is told more at length by Plutarch, who explains how Antony had provoked Cleopatra to this practical joke, and it is, moreover, so characteristic of the old biographer that it may well be quoted in full: « On a time he went to angle for fish, and, when he could take none, he was as angry as could be, because Cleopatra stood by. Wherefore he secretly commanded the fishermen that, when he cast in his line, they should straight dive under the water, and put a fish on his hook which they had taken before: and so snatched up his angling-rod, and brought up a fish twice or thrice. Cleopatra found that is, detected) it straight, yet she seemed not to see it, but wondered at his excellent fishing; but, when she was

alone by herself among her own people, she told them how it was, and bade them the next morning to be on the water to see the fishing. A number of people came to the haven, and got into the fisher-boats to see this fishing. Antonius then threw in his line, and Cleopatra straight commanded one of her men to dive under water before Antonius's men, and to put some old salt fish upon his bait, like unto those that are brought out of the country of Pont. When he had hung the fish on his hook, Antonius thinking he had taken a fish indeed, snatched up his line presently. Then they all fell a-laughing. »

But the tragedy follows hard upon the heels of the comedy. Octavius is at hand, and Antony must fight with him — « by sea », says Cleopatra; and « by sea, by sea », Antony echoes and insists, in the face of warnings from his officers not to throw away « the absolute soldier-ship » he has by land and give himself up « merely to chance and hazard ». The result confirms their worst forebodings. Cleopatra's galleys take flight, and

The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her

Fortune is afterward transiently retrieved on land; but disaster and defeat, final and hopeless, soon follow. Antony ascribes this disgrace to treachery on the part of his mistress and ally, and is ready to kill her for betraying him to Octavius. She flees from his rage, and feigns herself dead, in the hope that it may turn his wrath to pity and remorse :

Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
 Say that the last I spoke was « Antony »,
 And word it, prithee, piteously. Hence, Mardian,
 And bring me how he takes my death.

It is the first of her wiles that fails by going too far. It accomplishes its purpose only too well; for Antony, in the agony and desperation of his grief, resolves to die also :

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
 Weep for my pardon.

He falls, « a Roman by a Roman valiantly vanquished »; and she in turn determines to die after « the high Roman fashion ». She is « studied in her death », as ever in her life. She will make the fell destroyer « proud to take her », greeting him « like a queen » in her « best attires ». Nor shall her beauty suffer stain or diminution as she goes « again to meet Mark Antony ». The « pretty worm of Nilus that kills and pains not » shall bring her liberty, and, like a baby at her breast, suck the nurse asleep. While she lapses to this welcome slumber, « as sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle », murmuring the name of « Antony », her crown is turned awry; but Charmian, who is dying with her mistress, spends her last remnant of life and strength in setting it right again, — so that, when Cæsar comes too late to save her, he can only say :

She looks like sleep,
 As she would catch another Antony
 In her strong toil of grace.

The character of Cleopatra has been admirably summed up by Henry Giles: « Wonderful she is in her grand and

dazzling loveliness. Full of soul, full of power, and full of poetry, she is the very majesty of voluptuousness; she could beat Antony himself in the strength and endurance of carousal. Ambitious, yet sensuous; cunning, yet intellectual; insidious, yet bold; high and daring in her aims, she contrives to combine politics with pleasure. Keen in her understanding, yet gorgeous in her imagination, she knew how to conceal a plan within a pageant, and her pageantry was the pageantry of a goddess. Vehement as she was subtle, her pleasures were as ocean-tides; they surged up from the dark depths of her impassioned soul. Daughter of the Ptolemies, queen of olden and mystic Egypt, with the rich genius of Greece and the hot blood of Africa, she was at once poetess, sovereign and enchantress; grace, mingled with force, concealed the grossness of her excess; something of the artistic entered into the wildest extravagance of her luxuries; even in her vices she was brilliant and imperial. It was meet that her lovers should be masters of the world; with no lower suitors would imagination be content to mate her. If she must bend her sceptre to the sword of Cæsar, it was still right that he should bow his head to the royalty of her beauty; his was the victory of force, hers of fascination; he was strong in his legions, she was strong in herself; he conquered the world, and she conquered him. The august and godlike Julius humbled himself before her. The impetuous and magnificent Antony became a mere child to her command. What measure shall we find for that combination of womanly witchery and womanly genius, the result of which we observe in the subjugation of two such men as haughty Julius and inconstant Antony?

It required the mind of Shakespeare properly to conceive it, and by Shakespeare only it has sufficiency of expression. »

And we may note moreover, with Mrs. Jameson, that, while « he alone has dared to exhibit the Egyptian queen with all her greatness and all her littleness », he has yet « preserved the dramatic propriety and poetical coloring of the character, and awakened our pity for fallen grandeur, without once beguiling us into sympathy with guilt or error ».

Of the other characters in the play Enobarbus is perhaps the most interesting, both personally and dramatically. He is a genuine soldier of the old Roman type, a plain, blunt man, who, as Hudson has pointed out, is made use of by Shakespeare to « serve the office of a chorus in the play, to interpret between the author and his audience ». He is thus « at once a character and a commentary ». Gervinus pays a tribute to his dry humor, but shows himself amusingly blind to a conspicuous example of this humor,—where, upon Cleopatra's declaring to Thyreus that her « honor was not yielded, but conquered merely » — a falsehood as brazen as it was transparent — Enobarbus says aside : « To be sure of that, I will ask Antony. » One would suppose that the irony of this was as obvious as the mendacity that provokes it; but the German critic takes it in all seriousness. According to him, what Cleopatra says to Thyreus seems to Enobarbus « so earnest and true that he questions his lord about it » !


The death of Enobarbus from shame and remorse — he does not kill himself — proves the innate nobility of the man. Indeed, as Paul Stapfer observes, « his figure

is by far the noblest in the tragedy among those that have more than a shadowy existence; for Eros and Octavia, two other beautiful apparitions, only pass and disappear ».

What is the « moral » of the great tragedy? It is that of the dramatist's own entanglement with the lesser Cleopatra of the Sonnets, which escaped being a « soul's tragedy » only because Shakespeare was not a lesser Antony; and it is written in the 129th Sonnet :

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
 Is lust in action; and till action, lust
 Is perjur'd, murtherous, bloody, full of blame,
 Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,
 Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight,
 Past reason hunted, and no sooner had
 Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait
 On purpose laid to make the taker mad;
 Mad in pursuit and in possession so;
 Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
 A bliss in proof, and prov'd, a very woe;
 Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream.
 All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
 To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

Shakespeare descended into that hell, but made his way out again, wiser and stronger for the experience; Antony sank into its black depths, and was seen no more.



Antony and Cleopatra

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

<p>MARK ANTONY, OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, SEXTUS POMPEIUS.</p>	}	Triumvirs.
<p>DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS, VENTIDIUS, EROS, SCARUS, DERCETAS, DEMETRIUS, PHILO, MÆCÆNAS, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, PROCULEIUS, THYREUS, GALLUS, MENAS, MENECRATES, VARRIUS,</p>	}	Friends to Antony.
<p>TAURUS, lieutenant-general to Cæsar. CANIDIUS, lieutenant-general to Antony. SILIUS, an officer in Ventidius's army. EUPHRONIUS, an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.</p>	}	Friends to Cæsar.
<p>ALEXAS, MARDIAN, a Eunuch, SELEUCUS, DIOMEDES, A Soothsayer. A Clown.</p>	}	Friends to Pompey.
<p>CLEOPATRA, Queen of Egypt. OCTAVIA, sister to Cæsar and wife to Antony.</p>	}	Attendants on Cleopatra.
<p>CHARMIAN, IRAS,</p>	}	Attendants on Cleopatra.
<p>Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.</p>		

SCENE : In several parts of the Roman empire.





ACT I, SCENE III



ACT I

SCENE I

ALEXANDRIA. — A ROOM IN CLEOPATRA'S PALACE

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

PHILO

Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure : those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front : his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneags all temper,

Antony and Cleopatra.

And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy's lust.

Flourish.

*Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, her Ladies, the Train
with Eunuchs fanning her.*

Look, where they come :
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's Fool : behold and see.

CLEOPATRA

If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

ANTONY

There 's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

CLEOPATRA

I 'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

ANTONY

Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter an ATTENDANT.

ATTENDANT

News, my good lord, from Rome.

ANTONY

Grates me : the sum.

CLEOPATRA

Nay, hear them, Antony :
Fulvia perchance is angry ; or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, Do this, or this ;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that ;

Perform 't, or else we damn thee.

ANTONY

How, my love!

CLEOPATRA

Perchance! nay, and most like :
 You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
 Is come from Cæsar ; therefore hear it, Antony.
 Where 's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's I would say? both?
 Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's queen,
 Thou blushest, Antony ; and that blood of thine
 Is Cæsar's homager : else so thy cheek pays shame
 When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds. The messengers!

ANTONY

Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
 Of the rang'd empire fall ! Here is my space.
 Kingdoms are clay : our dungy earth alike
 Feeds beast as man : the nobleness of life
 Is to do thus ; when such a mutual pair

Embracing.

And such a twain can do 't, in which I bind,
 On pain of punishment, the world to wit
 We stand up peerless.

CLEOPATRA

Excellent falsehood!

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?
 I 'll seem the fool I am not ; Antony
 Will be himself.

ANTONY

But stirr'd by Cleopatra.
 Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours,

Let 's not confound the time with conference harsh :
 There 's not a minute of our lives should stretch
 Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night?

CLEOPATRA

Hear the ambassadors.

ANTONY

Fie, wrangling queen!
 Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
 To weep; whose every passion fully strives
 To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!
 No messenger, but thine; and all alone
 To-night we 'll wander through the streets and note
 The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
 Last night you did desire it : speak not to us.

Exeunt Antony and Cleopatra with their train.

DEMETRIUS

Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?

PHILO

Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
 He comes too short of that great property
 Which still should go with Antony.

DEMETRIUS

I am full sorry
 That he approves the common liar, who
 Thus speaks of him at Rome : but I will hope
 Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!

Exeunt.

SCENE II

THE SAME. — ANOTHER ROOM

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and a* SOOTHSAYER.

CHARMIAN

Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where 's the soothsayer that you prais'd so to th' Queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must charge his horns with garlands!

ALEXAS

Soothsayer!

SOOTHSAYER

Your will?

CHARMIAN

Is this the man? — Is 't you, sir, that know things?

SOOTHSAYER

In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

ALEXAS

Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

ENOBARBUS

Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough
Cleopatra's health to drink.

CHARMIAN

Good sir, give me good fortune.

SOOTHSAYER

I make not, but foresee.

CHARMIAN

Pray, then, foresee me one.

SOOTHSAYER

You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

CHARMIAN

He means in flesh.

IRAS

No, you shall paint when you are old.

CHARMIAN

Wrinkles forbid!

ALEXAS

Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

CHARMIAN

Hush!

SOOTHSAYER

You shall be more loving than beloved.

CHARMIAN

I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

ALEXAS

Nay, hear him.

CHARMIAN

Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

SOOTHSAYER

You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

CHARMIAN

O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

SOOTHSAYER

You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach.

CHARMIAN

Then belike my children shall have no names : pri-
thee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

SOOTHSAYER

If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.

CHARMIAN

Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

ALEXAS

You think none but your sheets are privy to your
wishes.

CHARMIAN

Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

ALEXAS

We 'll know all our fortunes.

ENOBARBUS

Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be
— drunk to bed.

IRAS

There 's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

CHARMIAN

E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

IRAS

Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

CHARMIAN

Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Prithee, tell her but a work-a-day fortune.

SOOTHSAYER

Your fortunes are alike.

IRAS

But how, but how? give me particulars.

SOOTHSAYER

I have said.

IRAS

Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

CHARMIAN

Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

IRAS

Not in my husband's nose.

CHARMIAN

Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas, — come, his fortune, his fortune! O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! and let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

IRAS

Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man

loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

CHARMIAN

Amen.

ALEXAS

Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they 'ld do 't!

ENOBARBUS

Hush! here comes Antony.

CHARMIAN

Not he; the Queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

CLEOPATRA

Saw you my lord?

ENOBARBUS

No, lady.

CLEOPATRA

Was he not here?

CHARMIAN

No, madam.

CLEOPATRA

He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him. Enobarbus!

ENOBARBUS

Madam?

Antony and Cleopatra.

CLEOPATRA

Seek him, and bring him hither. Where 's Alexas?

ALEXAS

Here, at your service. My lord approaches.

CLEOPATRA

We will not look upon him : go with us.

Exeunt.

Enter ANTONY *with a* MESSENGER *and* ATTENDANTS.

MESSENGER

Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

ANTONY

Against my brother Lucius?

MESSENGER

Ay :

But soon that war had end, and the time 's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar;
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

ANTONY

Well, what worst?

MESSENGER

The nature of bad news infects the teller.

ANTONY

When it concerns the fool or coward. On :
Things that are past are done with me. 'T is thus ;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

MESSENGER

Labienus —

This is stiff news — hath, with his Parthian force,
 Extended Asia from Euphrates ;
 His conquering banner shook from Syria
 To Lydia and to Ionia ;
 Whilst —

ANTONY

Antony, thou wouldst say, —

MESSENGER

O, my lord !

ANTONY

Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue :
 Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome ;
 Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase ; and taunt my faults
 With such full license as both truth and malice
 Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,
 When our quick minds lie still ; and our ills told us
 Is as our earring. Fare thee well awhile.

MESSENGER

At your noble pleasure.

Exit.

ANTONY

From Sicyon, ho, the news ! Speak there !

FIRST ATTENDANT

The man from Sicyon, — is there such an one ?

SECOND ATTENDANT

He stays upon your will.

ANTONY

Let him appear.

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
 Or lose myself in dotage.

Enter another MESSENGER.

What are you ?

SECOND MESSENGER

Fulvia thy wife is dead.

ANTONY

Where died she ?

SECOND MESSENGER

In Sicyon :

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears.

Gives a letter

ANTONY

Forbear me.

Exit sec. messenger

There 's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it :
What our contempt doth often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again ; the present pleasure,
By revolution low'ring, does become
The opposite of itself : she 's good, being gone ;
The hand could pluck her back that shov'd her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off :
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch. How now ! Enobarbus !

Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

ENOBARBUS

What 's your pleasure, sir ?

ANTONY

I must with haste from hence.

ENOBARBUS

Why, then, we kill all our women : we see how mortal an unkindness is to them ; if they suffer our departure, death 's the word.

ANTONY

I must be gone.

ENOBARBUS

Under a compelling occasion, let women die : it were pity to cast them away for nothing ; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly ; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment : I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

ANTONY

She is cunning past man's thought.

ENOBARBUS

Alack, sir, no ; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love : we cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears ; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report : this cannot be cunning in her ; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

ANTONY

Would I had never seen her !

ENOBARBUS

O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work ; which not to have been blest withal would have discredited your travel.

ANTONY

Fulvia is dead.

ENOBARBUS

Sir?

ANTONY

Fulvia is dead.

ENOBARBUS

Fulvia!

ANTONY

Dead.

ENOBARBUS

Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crown'd with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat: and indeed the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

ANTONY

The business she hath broached in the state
Cannot endure my absence.

ENOBARBUS

And the business you have broach'd here cannot be
without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which
wholly depends on your abode.

ANTONY

No more light answers. Let our officers

Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
 The cause of our expedience to the Queen,
 And get her leave to part. For not alone
 The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
 Do strongly speak to us ; but the letters too
 Of many our contriving friends in Rome
 Petition us at home : Sextus Pompeius
 Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
 The empire of the sea : our slippery people,
 Whose love is never link'd to the deserver
 Till his deserts are past, begin to throw
 Pompey the Great and all his dignities
 Upon his son ; who, high in name and power,
 Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
 For the main soldier : whose quality, going on,
 The sides o' th' world may danger : much is breeding,
 Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
 And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
 To such whose place is under us, requires
 Our quick remove from hence.

ENOBARBUS

I shall do 't.

Exeunt

SCENE III

THE SAME. — ANOTHER ROOM

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

CLEOPATRA

Where is he ?

CHARMIAN

I did not see him since.

CLEOPATRA

See where he is, who 's with him, what he does :
 I did not send you : if you find him sad,
 Say I am dancing ; if in mirth, report
 That I am sudden sick : quick, and return.

Exit Alexas.

CHARMIAN

Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
 You do not hold the method to enforce
 The like from him.

CLEOPATRA

What should I do, I do not?

CHARMIAN

In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

CLEOPATRA

Thou teachest like a fool : the way to lose him.

CHARMIAN

Tempt him not so too far ; I wish, forbear :
 In time we hate that which we often fear.
 But here comes Antony.

Enter ANTONY.

CLEOPATRA

I am sick and sullen.

ANTONY

I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose, —

CLEOPATRA

Help me away, dear Charmian ; I shall fall :

It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

ANTONY

Now, my dearest queen, —

CLEOPATRA

Pray you, stand farther from me.

ANTONY

What 's the matter?

CLEOPATRA

I know, by that same eye, there 's some good news.
What says the married woman? You may go:
Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say 't is I that keep you here:
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

ANTONY

The gods best know, —

CLEOPATRA

O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.

ANTONY

Cleopatra, —

CLEOPATRA

Why should I think you can be mine and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

ANTONY

Most sweet queen, —

CLEOPATRA

Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
 But bid farewell, and go : when you sued staying,
 Then was the time for words : no going then ;
 Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
 Bliss in our brows' bent ; none our parts so poor,
 But was a race of heaven : they are so still,
 Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
 Art turn'd the greatest liar.

ANTONY

How now, lady !

CLEOPATRA

I would I had thy inches ; thou shouldst know
 There were a heart in Egypt.

ANTONY

Hear me, queen :

The strong necessity of time commands
 Our services awhile ; but my full heart
 Remains in use with you. Our Italy
 Shines o'er with civil swords : Sextus Pompeius
 Makes his approaches to the port of Rome :
 Equality of two domestic powers
 Breed scrupulous faction ; the hated, grown to strength,
 Are newly grown to love : the condemn'd Pompey,
 Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
 Into the hearts of such as have not thrived
 Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten ;
 And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
 By any desperate change : my more particular,

And that which most with you should safe my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

CLEOPATRA

Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness : can Fulvia die ?

ANTONY

She 's dead, my queen :
Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read
The garboils she awak'd ; at the last, best :
See when and where she died.

CLEOPATRA

O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

ANTONY

Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear ; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice. By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant ; making peace or war
As thou affect'st.

CLEOPATRA

Cut my lace, Charmian, come ;
But let it be : I am quickly ill, and well,
So Antony loves.

ANTONY

My precious queen, forbear ;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

CLEOPATRA

So Fulvia told me.

I prithee, turn aside and weep for her;
 Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
 Belong to Egypt : good now, play one scene
 Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
 Like perfect honour.

ANTONY

You 'll heat my blood : no more.

CLEOPATRA

You can do better yet; but this is meetly,

ANTONY

Now, by my sword, —

CLEOPATRA

And target. Still he mends;
 But this is not the best. Look, prithee, Charmian,
 How this Herculean Roman does become
 The carriage of his chafe.

ANTONY

I 'll leave you, lady.

CLEOPATRA

Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part, but that 's not it;
 Sir, you and I have lov'd, but there 's not it;
 That you know well : something it is I would, —
 O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
 And I am all forgotten.

ANTONY

But that your royalty

Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

CLEOPATRA

'T is sweating labour

To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becoming kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you : your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword
Sit laurel'd victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

ANTONY

Let us go. Come;

Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away!

Exeunt.

SCENE IV

ROME. — CÆSAR'S HOUSE

*Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, reading a letter,
LEPIDUS, and their TRAIN*

CÆSAR

You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor : from Alexandria

This is the news : he fishes, drinks, and wastes
 The lamps of night in revel ; is not more manlike
 Than Cleopatra ; nor the queen of Ptolemy
 More womanly than he ; hardly gave audience, or
 Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners : you shall find there
 A man who is the abstract of all faults
 That all men follow.

LEPIDUS

I must not think there are
 Evils enow to darken all his goodness :
 His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven,
 More fiery by night's blackness ; hereditary,
 Rather than purchas'd ; what he cannot change,
 Than what he chooses.

CÆSAR

You are too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not
 Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy ;
 To give a kingdom for a mirth ; to sit
 And keep the turn of tippling with a slave ;
 To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
 With knaves that smell of sweat : say this becomes him,—
 As his composure must be rare indeed
 Whom these things cannot blemish,—yet must Antony
 No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
 So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
 His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
 Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
 Call on him for 't : but to confound such time.
 That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
 As his own state and ours,— 't is to be chid

As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
 Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
 And so rebel to judgement.

Enter a MESSENGER

LEPIDUS

Here 's more news.

MESSENGER

Thy biddings have been done ; and every hour,
 Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
 How 't is abroad. Pompey is strong at sea ;
 And it appears he is belov'd of those
 That only have fear'd Cæsar : to the ports
 The discontents repair, and men's reports
 Give him much wrong'd.

CÆSAR

I should have known no less.

It hath been taught us from the primal state,
 That he which is was wish'd until he were ;
 And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth love,
 Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common b'ody,
 Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
 Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
 To rot itself with motion.

MESSENGER

Cæsar, I bring thee word,
 Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
 Make the sea serve them, which they ear and wound
 With keels of every kind : many hot inroads

They make in Italy; the borders maritime
 Lack blood to think on 't, and flush youth revolt:
 No vessel can peep forth, but 't is as soon
 Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
 Than could his war resisted.

CÆSAR

Antony,
 Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
 Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
 Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
 Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
 Though daintily brought up, with patience more
 Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink
 The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
 Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign
 The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
 Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
 The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps
 It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
 Which some did die to look on: and all this —
 It wounds thine honour that I speak it now —
 Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
 So much as lank'd not.

LEPIDUS

'T is pity of him.

CÆSAR ✓

Let his shames quickly
 Drive him to Rome: 't is time we twain
 Did show ourselves i' th' field; and to that end

Assemble we immediate council : Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

LEPIDUS

To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able
To front this present time.

CÆSAR

Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.

LEPIDUS

Farewell, my lord : what you shall know meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

CÆSAR

Doubt not, sir ;
I knew it for my bond.

Exeunt.

SCENE V

ALEXANDRIA. — CLEOPATRA'S PALACE

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS
and MARDIAN

CLEOPATRA

Charmian !

CHARMIAN

Madam ?

Antony and Cleopatra.

CLEOPATRA

Ha, ha!

Give me to drink mandragora.

CHARMIAN

Why, madam?

CLEOPATRA

That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away.

CHARMIAN

You think of him too much.

CLEOPATRA

O, 't is treason!

CHARMIAN

Madam, I trust, not so.

CLEOPATRA

Thou, eunuch Mardian!

MARDIAN

What 's your highness' pleasure?

CLEOPATRA

Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has: 't is well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

MARDIAN

Yes, gracious madam.

CLEOPATRA

Indeed!

MARDIAN

Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done:

Yet have I fierce affections, and think
 What Venus did with Mars.

CLEOPATRA

O Charmian,

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
 Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
 O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
 Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
 The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
 And burgonet of men. He 's speaking now,
 Or murmuring « Where 's my serpent of old Nile? »
 For so he calls me : now I feed myself
 With most delicious poison. Think on me,
 That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
 And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
 When thou wast here above the ground, I was
 A morsel for a monarch : and great Pompey
 Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow ;
 There would he anchor his aspect and die
 With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS

ALEXAS

Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

CLEOPATRA

How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
 Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
 With his tinct gilded thee.
 How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

ALEXAS

Last thing he did, dear queen,
 He kiss'd, — the last of many doubled kisses, —
 This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my heart.

CLEOPATRA

Mine ear must pluck it thence.

ALEXAS

« Good friend, » quoth he,
 « Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
 This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
 To mend the petty present, I will piece
 Her opulent throne with kingdoms; all the east,
 Say thou, shall call her mistress. » So he nodded,
 And soberly did mount an arm-girt steed,
 Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
 Was beastly dumb'd by him.

CLEOPATRA

What, was he sad or merry?

ALEXAS

Like to the time o' the year between the extremes
 Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.

CLEOPATRA

O well-divided disposition! Note him,
 Note him, good Charmian, 't is the man; but note him:
 He was not sad, for he would shine on those
 That make their looks by his; he was not merry,
 Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
 In Egypt with his joy; but between both:
 O heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad or merry.

The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man else. Met'st thou my posts?

ALEXAS

Ay, madam, twenty several messengers :
Why do you send so thick?

CLEOPATRA

Who 's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian.
Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?

CHARMIAN

O that brave Cæsar!

CLEOPATRA

Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.

CHARMIAN

The valiant Cæsar!

CLEOPATRA

By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.

CHARMIAN

By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

CLEOPATRA

My salad days,
When I was green in judgement : cold in blood,

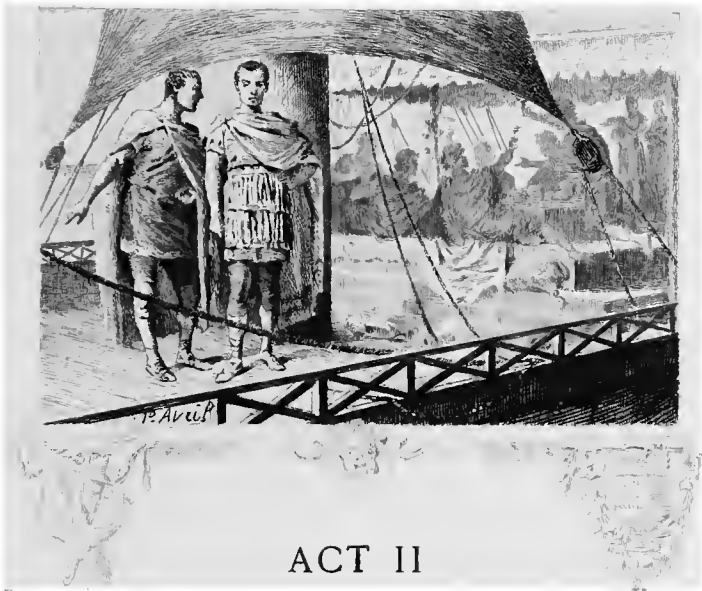
To say as I said then! But, come, away;
Get me ink and paper:
He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I 'll unpeople Egypt.

Exeunt.





ACT II, SCENE V



ACT II

SCENE I

MESSINA. — POMPEY'S HOUSE

*Enter POMPEY, MENEKRATES, and MENAS
in warlike manner*

POMPEY

If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

MENEKRATES

Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

POMPEY

Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays

The thing we sue for.

MENECRATES

We, ignorant of ourselves,
 Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
 Deny us for our good : so find we profit
 By losing of our prayers.

POMPEY

I shall do well :

The people love me, and the sea is mine ;
 My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope
 Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony
 In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
 No wars without doors : Cæsar gets money where
 He loses hearts : Lepidus flatters both,
 Of both is flatter'd ; but he neither loves,
 Nor either cares for him.

MENAS

Cæsar and Lepidus

Are in the field : a mighty strength they carry.

POMPEY

Where have you this ? 't is false.

MENAS

From Silvius, sir.

POMPEY

He dreams : I know they are in Rome together,
 Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,
 Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip !
 Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both !
 Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
 Keep his brain fuming ; Epicurean cooks

Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite ;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour
Even till a Lethe'd dulness !

Enter VARRIUS.

How now, Varius !

VARRIUS

This is most certain that I shall deliver :
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected : since he went from Egypt 't is
A space for further travel.

POMPEY

I could have given less matter
A better ear. Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For such a petty war : his soldiership
Is twice the other twain : but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

MENAS

I cannot hope
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together :
His wife that 's dead did trespasses to Cæsar ;
His brother warr'd upon him ; although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.

POMPEY

I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were 't not that we stand up against them all,

Antony and Cleopatra.

'T were pregnant they should square between themselves;
 For they have entertained cause enough
 To draw their swords : but how the fear of us
 May cement their divisions and bind up
 The petty difference, we yet not know.
 Be 't as our gods will have 't! It only stands
 Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.
 Comè, Menas.

Exeunt.

SCENE II

ROME. — A ROOM IN THE HOUSE OF LEPIDUS

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.

LEPIDUS

Good Enobarbus, 't is a worthy deed,
 And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
 To soft and gentle speech.

ENOBARBUS

I shall entreat him
 To answer like himself : if Cæsar move him,
 Let Antony look over Cæsar's head
 And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
 Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
 I would not shave 't to-day.

LEPIDUS

'T is not a time
 For private stomaching.

ENOBARBUS

Every time

Serves for the matter that is then born in 't.

LEPIDUS

But small to greater matters must give way.

ENOBARBUS

Not if the small come first.

LEPIDUS

Your speech is passion :

But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

ENOBARBUS

And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS and AGRIPPA.

ANTONY

If we compose well here, to Parthia :
Hark, Ventidius.

CÆSAR

I do not know,
Mecænas ; ask Agrippa.

LEPIDUS

Noble friends,
That which combined us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What 's amiss,
May it be gently heard : when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds : then, noble partners,
The rather, for I earnestly beseech,

Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

ANTONY

'T is spoken well.

Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Flourish.

CÆSAR

Welcome to Rome.

ANTONY

Thank you.

CÆSAR

Sit.

ANTONY

Sit, sir.

CÆSAR

Nay, then.

ANTONY

I learn, you take things ill which are not so,
Or being, concern you not.

CÆSAR

I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i' th' world; more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.

ANTONY

My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was 't to you?

CÆSAR

No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt : yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

ANTONY

How intend you, practis'd?

CÆSAR

You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me ; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

ANTONY

You do mistake your business ; my brother never
Did urge me in his act : I did inquire it ;
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours ;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause ? Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you 'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

CÆSAR

You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgement to me ; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

ANTONY

Not so, not so :
I know you could not lack, I am certain on 't,

Very necessity of this thought, that I,
 Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
 Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
 Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
 I would you had her spirit in such another :
 The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle
 You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

ENOBARBUS

Would we had all such wives, that the men might
 go to wars with the women !

ANTONY

So much uncurbable her garboils; Cæsar,
 Made out of her impatience, which not wanted
 Shrewdness of policy too, I grieving grant
 Did you too much disquiet : for that you must
 But say, I could not help it.

CÆSAR

I wrote to you
 When rioting in Alexandria; you
 Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
 Did gibe my missive out of audience.

ANTONY

Sir,

He fell upon me ere admitted : then
 Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
 Of what I was i' th' morning : but next day
 I told him of myself ; which was as much
 As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
 Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
 Out of our question wipe him.

CÆSAR

You have broken
The article of your oath ; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

LEPIDUS

Soft, Cæsar!

ANTONY

No,

Lepidus, let him speak :
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it. But, on, Cæsar ;
The article of my oath.

CÆSAR

To lend me arms and aid when I required them ;
The which you both denied.

ANTONY

Neglected, rather ;
And then when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you : but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here ;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

LEPIDUS

'T is noble spoken.

MECÆNAS

If it might please you, to enforce no further

The griefs between ye : to forget them quite
 Were to remember that the present need
 Speaks to atone you.

LEPIDUS

Worthily spoken, Mecænas.

ENOBARBUS

Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant,
 you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey,
 return it again : you shall have time to wrangle in when
 you have nothing else to do.

ANTONY

Thou art a soldier only : speak no more.

ENOBARBUS

That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.

ANTONY

You wrong this presence ; therefore speak no more.

ENOBARBUS

Go to, then ; your considerate stone.

CÆSAR

I do not much dislike the matter, but
 The manner of his speech ; for 't cannot be
 We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
 So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
 What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge
 O' th' world I would pursue it.

AGRIPPA

Give me leave, Cæsar,—

CÆSAR

Speak, Agrippa.

AGRIPPA

Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia : great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

CÆSAR

Say not so, Agrippa :
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserved of rashness.

ANTONY

I am not married, Cæsar : let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

AGRIPPA

To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife ; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men ;
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing : truths would be tales,
Where now half tales be truths : her love to both
Would, each to other and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke ;
For 't is a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

ANTONY

Will Cæsar speak ?

CÆSAR

Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

ANTONY

What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, « Agrippa, be it so »,
To make this good ?

CÆSAR

The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.

ANTONY

May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment! Let me have thy hand :
Further this act of grace ; and from this hour
The heart of brothers govern in our loves
And sway our great designs !

CÆSAR

There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly : let her live
To join our kingdoms and our hearts ; and never
Fly off our loves again !

LEPIDUS

Happily, amen !

ANTONY

I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey ;
For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
Of late upon me : I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report ;

At heel of that, defy him.

LEPIDUS

Time calls upon 's :

Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

ANTONY

Where liès he ?

CÆSAR

About the mount Misenum.

ANTONY

What is his strength by land ?

CÆSAR

Great and increasing : but by sea
He is an absolute master.

ANTONY

So is the fame.

Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it :
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

CÆSAR

With most gladness ;

And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I 'll lead you.

ANTONY

Let us, Lepidus,

Not lack your company.

LEPIDUS

Noble Antony,

Not sickness should detain me.

Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar, Antony and Lepidus.

MECÆNAS

Welcome from Egypt, sir.

ENOBARBUS

Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas! My honourable friend, Agrippa!

AGRIPPA

Good Enobarbus!

MECÆNAS

We have cause to be glad that matters are so well digested. You stayed well by 't in Egypt.

ENOBARBUS

Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

MECÆNAS

Eight wild-boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; is this true?

ENOBARBUS

This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

MECÆNAS

She 's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

ENOBARBUS

When she first met Mark Antony, she purs'd up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

AGRIPPA

There she appeared indeed; or my reporter devis'd well for her.

ENOBARBUS

I will tell you.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water : the poop was beaten gold ;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them ; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description : she did lie
In her pavilion — cloth-of-gold of tissue —
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature : on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

AGRIPPA

O, rare for Antony!

ENOBARBUS

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' th' eyes,
And made their bends adornings : at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers : the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthroned i' th' market-place, did sit alone,

Whistling to th' air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too
And made a gap in nature.

AGRIPPA

Rare Egyptian!

ENOBARBUS

Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better he became her guest;
Which she entreated: our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of « No » woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
And for his ordinary pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only.

AGRIPPA

Royal wench!

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed:
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

ENOBARBUS

I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the public street;
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

MECÆNAS

Now Antony must leave her utterly.

ENOBARBUS

Never; he will not:
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy

The appetites they feed : but she makes hungry
 Where most she satisfies : for vilest things
 Become themselves in her ; that the holy priests
 Bless her when she is riggish.

MECÆNAS

If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
 The heart of Antony, Octavia is
 A blessed lottery to him.

AGRIPPA

Let us go.

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest
 Whilst you abide here.

ENOBARBUS

Humbly, sir, I thank you.

Exeunt.

SCENE III

THE SAME. — CÆSAR'S HOUSE

*Enter ANTONY, CÆSAR, OCTAVIA between them,
 and ATTENDANTS.*

ANTONY

The world and my great office will sometimes
 Divide me from your bosom.

OCTAVIA

All which time
 Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
 To them for you.

ANTONY

Good night, sir. My Octavia,
 Read not my blemishes in the world's report :
 I have not kept my square; but that to come.
 Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.
 Good night, sir.

CÆSAR

Good night.

Exeunt Cæsar and Octavia.

Enter SOOTHSAYER.

ANTONY

Now, sirrah; you do wish yourself in Egypt?

SOOTHSAYER

Would I had never come from thence, nor you
 Thither!

ANTONY

If you can, your reason?

SOOTHSAYER

I see it in

My motion, have it not in my tongue : but yet
 Hie you to Egypt again.

ANTONY

Say to me,

Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?

SOOTHSAYER

Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side :
 Thy demon, that 's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
 Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,

Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd: therefore
Make space between you.

ANTONY

Speak this no more.

SOOTHSAYER

To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 't is noble.

ANTONY

Get thee gone:

Say to Ventidius I would speak with him:

Exit Soothsayer.

He shall to Parthia. Be it art or hap,
He hath spoken true: the very dice obey him;
And in our sports my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I' th' east my pleasure lies.

Enter VENTIDIUS.

O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia: your commission's ready;

Antony and Cleopatra.

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Follow me, and receive 't.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV

THE SAME. — A STREET

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS *and* AGRIPPA.

LEPIDUS

Trouble yourselves no further : pray you, hasten
Your generals after.

AGRIPPA

Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we 'll follow.

LEPIDUS

Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

MECÆNAS

We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount
Before you, Lepidus.

LEPIDUS

Your way is shorter ;
My purposes do draw me much about :
You 'll win two days upon me.

MECÆNAS, AGRIPPA

Sir, good success!

LEPIDUS

Farewell.

Exeunt.

SCENE V

ALEXANDRIA. — CLEOPATRA'S PALACE

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS *and* ALEXAS.

CLEOPATRA

Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

ATTENDANTS

The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN *the Eunuch.*

CLEOPATRA

Let it alone; let 's to billiards: come, Charmian.

CHARMIAN

My arm is sore; best play with Mardian.

CLEOPATRA

As well a woman with an eunuch play'd
As with a woman. Come, you 'll play with me, sir?

MARDIAN

As well as I can, madam.

CLEOPATRA

And when good will is show'd, though 't come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I 'll none now:
Give me mine angle; we 'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,

I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say « Ah, ha! you 're caught ».

CHARMIAN

'T was merry when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

CLEOPATRA

That time, — O times! —
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.

Enter a MESSENGER.

O, from Italy!
Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

MESSENGER

Madam, madam, —

CLEOPATRA

Antonius dead! — If thou say so, villain,
Thou kill'st thy mistress: but well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

MESSENGER

First, madam, he is well.

CLEOPATRA

Why, there 's more gold.

But, sirrah, mark, we use
 To say the dead are well : bring it to that,
 The gold I give thee will I melt and pour
 Down thy ill-uttering throat.

MESSENGER

Good madam, hear me.

CLEOPATRA

Well, go to, I will ;
 But there 's no goodness in thy face : if Antony
 Be free and healthful, — so tart a favour
 To trumpet such good tidings ! If not well,
 Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with snakes,
 Not like a formal man.

MESSENGER

Will 't please you hear me ?

CLEOPATRA

I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st :
 Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,
 Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
 I 'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
 Rich pearls upon thee.

MESSENGER

Madam, he 's well.

CLEOPATRA

Well said.

MESSENGER

And friends with Cæsar.

CLEOPATRA

Thou 'rt an honest man.

MESSENGER

Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

CLEOPATRA

Make thee a fortune from me.

MESSENGER

But yet, madam, —

CLEOPATRA

I do not like « But yet », it does allay
 The good precedence; fie upon « But yet »!
 « But yet » is as a gaoler to bring forth
 Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,
 Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
 The good and bad together : he 's friends with Cæsar ;
 In state of health thou say'st ; and thou say'st free.

MESSENGER

Free, madam ! no ; I made no such report :
 He 's bound unto Octavia.

CLEOPATRA

For what good turn ?

MESSENGER

For the best turn i' th' bed.

CLEOPATRA

I am pale, Charmian.

MESSENGER

Madam, he 's married to Octavia.

CLEOPATRA

The most infectious pestilence upon thee !

Strikes him down.

MESSENGER

Good madam, patience.

CLEOPATRA

What say you? Hence,

Strikes him again.

Horrible villain! or I 'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I 'll unhair thy head:

She hales him up and down.

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingering pickle.

MESSENGER

Gracious madam,

I that do bring the news made not the match.

CLEOPATRA

Say 't is not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage:
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

MESSENGER

He 's married, madam.

CLEOPATRA

Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

Draws a knife.

MESSENGER

Nay, then I 'll run.

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.

Exit.

CHARMIAN

Good madam, keep yourself within yourself:
The man is innocent.

CLEOPATRA

Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again :
Though I am mad, I will not bite him : call.

CHARMIAN

He is afeard to come.

CLEOPATRA

I will not hurt him.

Exit Charmian.

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.

Re-enter CHARMIAN and MESSENGER.

Come hither, sir.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news : give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.

MESSENGER

I have done my duty.

CLEOPATRA

Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say Yes.

MESSENGER

He 's married, madam.

CLEOPATRA

The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

MESSENGER

Should I lie, madam?

CLEOPATRA

O, I would thou didst,
 So half my Egypt were submerg'd and made
 A cistern for scal'd snakes! Go, get thee hence :
 Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
 Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

MESSENGER

I crave your highness' pardon.

CLEOPATRA

He is married?

MESSENGER

Take no offence that I would not offend you :
 To punish me for what you make me do
 Seems much unequal : he 's married to Octavia.

CLEOPATRA

O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
 That art but what thou 'rt sure of. Get thee hence ;
 The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome
 Are all too dear for me : lie they upon thy hand,
 And be undone by 'em!

Exit Messenger.

CHARMIAN

Good your highness, patience.

CLEOPATRA

In praising Antony, I have dispraised Cæsar.

CHARMIAN

Many times, madam.

CLEOPATRA

I am paid for 't now.

Lead me from hence ;

I faint : O Iras, Charmian ! 't is no matter.

Go to the fellow, good Alexas ; bid him

Report the feature of Octavia, her years, -

Her inclination, let him not leave out

The colour of her hair : bring me word quickly.

Exit Alexas.

Let him for ever go : — let him not — Charmian,

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

The other way 's a Mars. Bid you Alexas

To Mardian.

Bring me word how tall she is. Pity me, Charmian,

But do not speak to me. Lead me to my chamber.

Exeunt.

SCENE VI

NEAR MISENUM

Flourish.

*Enter POMPEY and MENAS at one side
with drum and trumpet ;**at another, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, ENOBARBUS,
MECÆNAS, with SOLDIERS marching.*

POMPEY

Your hostages I have, so have you mine ;

And we shall talk before we fight.

CÆSAR

Most meet
 That first we come to words; and therefore have we
 Our written purposes before us sent;
 Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
 If 't will tie up thy discontented sword,
 And carry back to Sicily much tall youth
 That else must perish here.

POMPEY

To you all three,
 The senators alone of this great world,
 Chief factors for the gods, I do not know
 Wherefore my father should revengers want,
 Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
 Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
 There saw you labouring for him. What was 't
 That moved pale Cassius to conspire; and what
 Made the all-honour'd, honest Roman, Brutus,
 With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
 To drench the Capitol; but that they would
 Have one man but a man? And that is it
 Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burthen
 The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
 To scourge the ingratitude that spiteful Rome
 Cast on my noble father.

CÆSAR

Take your time.

ANTONY

Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails;

We 'll speak with thee at sea : at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.

POMPEY

At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house :
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in 't as thou mayst.

LEPIDUS

Be pleas'd to tell us —
For this is from the present — how you take
The offers we have sent you.

CÆSAR

There 's the point.

ANTONY

Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

CÆSAR

And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

POMPEY

You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia ; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates ; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome ; this 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targes undinted.

CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS

That 's our offer.

POMPEY

Know, then,

I came before you here a man prepar'd
To take this offer : but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience : though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily and did find
Her welcome friendly.

ANTONY

I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks
Which I do owe you.

POMPEY

Let me have your hand :
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

ANTONY

The beds i' th' east are soft ; and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither ;
For I have gain'd by 't.

CÆSAR

Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

POMPEY

Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face ;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

LEPIDUS

Well met here.

POMPEY

I hope so, Lepidus. Thus we are agreed :

I crave our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

CÆSAR

That 's the next to do.

POMPEY

We 'll feast each other ere we part; and let 's
Draw lots who shall begin.

ANTONY

That will I, Pompey.

POMPEY

No, Antony, take the lot : but, first
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

ANTONY

You have heard much.

POMPEY

I have fair meanings, sir.

ANTONY

And fair words to them.

POMPEY

Then so much have I heard :
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried —

ENOBARBUS

No more of that : he did so.

POMPEY

What, I pray you ?

ENOBARBUS

A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

POMPEY

I know thee now : how far'st thou, soldier ?

ENOBARBUS

Well ;

And well am like to do ; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.

POMPEY

Let me shake thy hand ;

I never hated thee : I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

ENOBARBUS

Sir,

I never lov'd you much ; but I ha' prais'd ye,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

POMPEY

Enjoy thy plainness,

It nothing ill becomes thee.

Aboard my galley I invite you all :

Will you lead, lords ?

CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS

Show us the way, sir.

POMPEY

Come.

Exeunt all but Menas and Enobarbus.

MENAS, aside.

Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this
treaty. — You and I have known, sir.

ENOBARBUS

At sea, I think.

MENAS

We have, sir.

ENOBARBUS

You have done well by water.

MENAS

And you by land.

ENOBARBUS

I will praise any man that will praise me ; though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

MENAS

Nor what I have done by water.

ENOBARBUS

Yes, something you can deny for your own safety : you have been a great thief by sea.

MENAS

And you by land.

ENOBARBUS

There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas : if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

MENAS

All men's faces are true, whatsome'er their hands are.

ENOBARBUS

But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

MENAS

No slander ; they steal hearts.

ENOBARBUS

We came hither to fight with you.

MENAS

For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a drinking.
Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

ENOBARBUS

If he do, sure, he cannot weep 't back again.

MENAS

You 've said, sir. We look'd not for Mark Antony
here : pray you, is he married to Cleopatra ?

ENOBARBUS

Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

MENAS

True, sir ; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

ENOBARBUS

But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

MENAS

Pray ye, sir ?

ENOBARBUS

'T is true.

MENAS

Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

ENOBARBUS

If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not
prophesy so.

MENAS

I think the policy of that purpose made more in the
marriage than the love of the parties.

ENOBARBUS

I think so too. But you shall find, the band that
seems to tie their friendship together will be the very

strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

MENAS

Who would not have his wife so?

ENOBARBUS

Not he that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is: he married but his occasion here.

MENAS

And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

ENOBARBUS

I shall take it, sir: we have us'd our throats in Egypt.

MENAS

Come, let 's away.

Exeunt.

SCENE VII

ON BOARD POMPEY'S GALLEY, OFF MISENUM

Music plays.

Enter two or three SERVANTS with a banquet.

FIRST SERVANT

Here they 'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' th' world will blow them down.

SECOND SERVANT

Lepidus is high-coloured.

FIRST SERVANT

They have made him drink alms-drink.

SECOND SERVANT

As they pinch one another by the 'disposition, he cries out « No more » ; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

FIRST SERVANT

But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

SECOND SERVANT

Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship : I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan I could not heave.

FIRST SERVANT

To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A sennet sounded.

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POMPEY,
AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS,
ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other captains.*

ANTONY, to Cæsar.

Thus do they, sir : they take the flow o' th' Nile
By certain scales i' th' pyramid, they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison follow : the higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises : as it ebbs, the seedsman

Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

LEPIDUS

You 've strange serpents there.

ANTONY

Ay, Lepidus.

LEPIDUS

Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by
the operation of your sun : so is your crocodile.

ANTONY

They are so.

POMPEY

Sit, — and some wine ! A health to Lepidus !

LEPIDUS

I am not so well as I should be, but I 'll ne'er out.

ENOBARBUS

Not till you have slept ; I fear me you 'll be in till
then.

LEPIDUS

Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyra-
mises are very goodly things ; without contradiction, I
have heard that.

MENAS, aside to Pompey.

Pompey, a word.

POMPEY, aside to Menas.

Say in mine ear : what is 't ?

MENAS, aside to Pompey.

Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,
And hear me speak a word.

POMPEY, aside to Menas.

Forbear me till anon.
This wine for Lepidus!

LEPIDUS

What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

ANTONY

It is shap'd, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with it own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

LEPIDUS

What colour is it of?

ANTONY

Of it own colour too.

LEPIDUS

'T is a strange serpent.

ANTONY

'T is so. And the tears of it are wet.

CÆSAR

Will this description satisfy him?

ANTONY

With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

POMPEY, aside to Menas.

Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!
Do as I bid you. Where 's this cup I call'd for?

MENAS, aside to Pompey.

If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool.

POMPEY, *aside to Menas.*

I think thou 'rt mad. The matter?

Rises, and walks aside.

MENAS

I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

POMPEY

Thou hast serv'd me with much faith. What's else to say?
Be jolly, lords.

ANTONY

These quick-sands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.

MENAS

Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

POMPEY

What say'st thou?

MENAS

Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

POMPEY

How should that be?

MENAS

But entertain it,
And, though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

POMPEY

Hast thou drunk well?

MENAS

No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

POMPEY

Show me which way.

MENAS

These three world-sharers, these competitors,
 Are in thy vessel : let me cut the cable ;
 And, when we are put off, fall to their throats ;
 All there is thine.

POMPEY

Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
 And not have spoke on 't ! In me 't is villany ;
 In thee 't had been good service. Thou must know,
 'T is not my profit that does lead mine honour ;
 Mine honour, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue
 Hath so betray'd thine act : being done unknown,
 I should have found it afterwards well done ;
 But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

MENAS, *aside*.

For this,

I 'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.

Who seeks, and will not take when once 't is offer'd,
 Shall never find it more.

POMPEY

This health to Lepidus !

ANTONY

Bear him ashore. I 'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

ENOBARBUS

Here 's to thee, Menas !

MENAS

Enobarbus, welcome !

POMPEY

Fill till the cup be hid.

ENOBARBUS

There 's a strong fellow, Menas.

Pointing to the Attendant who carries off Lepidus.

MENAS

Why?

ENOBARBUS

A' bears the third part of the world, man; see'st not?

MENAS

The third part, then, is drunk: would it were all,
That it might go on wheels!

ENOBARBUS

Drink thou; increase the reels.

MENAS

Come.

POMPEY

This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

ANTONY

It ripens towards it. Strike the vessels, ho!
Here is to Cæsar!

CÆSAR

I could well forbear 't.

It 's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

ANTONY

Be a child o' th' time.

CÆSAR

Possess it, I 'll make answer:

But I had rather fast from all four days
Than drink so much in one.

ENOBARBUS, to Antony.

Ha, my brave emperor!
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

POMPEY

Let's ha't, good soldier.

ANTONY

Come, let's all take hands,
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

ENOBARBUS

All take hands.

Make battery to our ears with the loud music:
The while I'll place you: then the boy shall sing;
The holding every man shall bear as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

Music plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.

THE SONG

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!
In thy vats our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:
Cup us, till the world go round,
Cup us, till the world go round!

CÆSAR

What would you more? Pompey, good night. Good brother,
Let me request you off: our graver business

Antony and Cleopatra.

Frowns at this levity. Gentle lords, let 's part;
 You see we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarbus
 Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
 Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
 Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Goodnight.
 Good Antony, your hand.

POMPEY

I 'll try you on the shore.

ANTONY

And shall, sir: give 's your hand.

POMPEY

O Antony,

You have my father's house, — But, what? we are friends.
 Come, down into the boat,

ENOBARBUS

Take heed you fall not.

Exeunt all but Enobarbus and Menas.

Menas, I 'll not on shore.

MENAS

No, to my cabin.

These drums! these trumpets, flutes! what!

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows: sound and be hang'd, sound out!

Sound a flourish, with drums. /

ENOBARBUS

Ho! says a'. There 's my cap.

MENAS

Ho! Noble captain, come.

Exeunt.









ACT III. SCENE XI



ACT III

SCENE I

A PLAIN IN SYRIA

Enter VENTIDIUS as it were in triumph, with SILIUS, and other ROMANS, OFFICERS and SOLDIERS; the dead body of PACORUS borne before him.

VENTIDIUS

Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now
Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger. Bear the King's son's body
Before our army. Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

SILIUS

Noble Ventidius,
 Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
 The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
 Mesopotamiæ, and the shelters whither
 The routed fly; so thy grand captain Antony
 Shall set thee on triumphant chariots and
 Put garlands on thy head.

VENTIDIUS

O Silius, Silius,
 I have done enough; a lower place, note well,
 May make too great an act: for learn this, Silius;
 Better to leave undone, than by our deed
 Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's away.
 Cæsar and Antony have ever won
 More in their officer than person: Sossius,
 One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
 For quick accumulation of renown,
 Which he achiev'd by th' minute, lost his favour.
 Who does i' th' wars more than his captain can
 Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
 The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
 Than gain which darkens him.
 I could do more to do Antonius good,
 But 't would offend him; and in his offence
 Should my performance perish.

SILIUS

Thou hast, Ventidius, that
 Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
 Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?

VENTIDIUS

I 'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' th' field.

SILIUS

Where is he now?

VENTIDIUS

He purposeth to Athens : whither, with what haste
The weight we must convey with 's will permit,
We shall appear before him. On, there; pass along!

Exeunt.

SCENE II

ROME. — AN ANTECHAMBER IN CÆSAR'S HOUSE

Enter AGRIPPA at one door, ENOBARBUS at another.

AGRIPPA

What, are the brothers parted?

ENOBARBUS

They have dispatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

AGRIPPA

'T is a noble Lepidus.

ENOBARBUS

A very fine one : O, how he loves Cæsar!

AGRIPPA

Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

ENOBARBUS

Cæsar? Why, he 's the Jupiter of men.

AGRIPPA

What 's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

ENOBARBUS

Spake you of Cæsar? How! the nonpareil!

AGRIPPA

O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

ENOBARBUS

Would you praise Cæsar, say « Cæsar : » go no further.

AGRIPPA

Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

ENOBARBUS

But he loves Cæsar best; yet he loves Antony :
 Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot
 Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho!
 His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,
 Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

AGRIPPA

Both he loves.

ENOBARBUS

They are his shards, and he their beetle. (Trumpets within.) So;
 This is to horse. Adieu, noble Agrippa.

AGRIPPA

Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS and OCTAVIA.

ANTONY

No further, sir.

CÆSAR

You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in 't. Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest band
Shall pass on thy approof. Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortress of it; for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

ANTONY

Make me not offended

In your distrust.

CÆSAR

I have said.

ANTONY

You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear: so, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

CÆSAR

Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well:
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Antony and Cleopatra.

OCTAVIA

My noble brother !

ANTONY

The April 's in her eyes : it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on. Be cheerful.

OCTAVIA

Sir, look well to my husband's house ; and —

CÆSAR

What,

Octavia?

OCTAVIA

I 'll tell you in your ear.

ANTONY

Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue, — the swan's down-feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

ENOBARBUS, *aside to Agrippa.*

Will Cæsar weep ?

AGRIPPA, *aside to Enobarbus.*

He has a cloud in 's face.

ENOBARBUS, *aside to Agrippa.*

He were the worse for that, were he a horse ;
So is he, being a man.

AGRIPPA, *aside to Enobarbus.*

Why, Enobarbus,
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring ; and he wept
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

ENOBARBUS, aside to Agrippa.

That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum ;
What willingly he did confound he wail'd,
Believe 't, till I wept too.

CÆSAR

No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still ; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

ANTONY

Come, sir, come ;
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love :
Look, here I have you ; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

CÆSAR

Adieu ; be happy !

LEPIDUS

Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way !

CÆSAR

Farewell, farewell !

Kisses Octavia.

ANTONY

Farewell !

Trumpets sound. Exeunt.

SCENE III

ALEXANDRIA. — CLEOPATRA'S PALACE

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS and ALEXAS.

CLEOPATRA

Where is the fellow?

ALEXAS

Half afeard to come.

CLEOPATRA

Go to, go to.

Enter the MESSENGER as before.

Come hither, sir.

ALEXAS

Good majesty,

Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you

But when you are well pleas'd.

CLEOPATRA

That Herod's head

I 'll have : but how, when Antony is gone

Through whom I might command it? Come thou near.

MESSENGER

Most gracious majesty, —

CLEOPATRA

Didst thou behold Octavia?

MESSENGER

Ay, dread queen.

CLEOPATRA

Where?

MESSENGER

Madam, in Rome ;
I look'd her in the face, and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

CLEOPATRA

Is she as tall as me?

MESSENGER

She is not, madam.

CLEOPATRA

Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongu'd or low?

MESSENGER

Madam, I heard her speak ; she is low-voic'd.

CLEOPATRA

That 's not so good. He cannot like her long?

CHARMIAN

Like her! O Isis! 't is impossible.

CLEOPATRA

I think so, Charmian : dull of tongue, and dwarfish!
What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

MESSENGER

She creeps :

Her motion and her station are as one ;
She shows a body rather than a life,
A statue than a breather.

CLEOPATRA

Is this certain?

MESSENGER

Or I have no observance.

CHARMIAN

Three in Egypt

Cannot make better note.

CLEOPATRA

He 's very knowing ;

I do perceive 't : there 's nothing in her yet :

The fellow has good judgement.

CHARMIAN

Excellent.

CLEOPATRA

Guess at her years, I prithee.

MESSENGER

Madam,

She was a widow, —

CLEOPATRA

Widow! Charmian, hark.

MESSENGER

And I do think she 's thirty.

CLEOPATRA

Bear'st thou her face in mind? is 't long or round?

MESSENGER

Round even to faultiness.

CLEOPATRA

For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so.

Her hair, what colour?

MESSENGER

Brown, madam : and her forehead

As low as she would wish it.

CLEOPATRA

There 's gold for thee.

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill :
 I will employ thee back again ; I find thee
 Most fit for business : go make thee ready ;
 Our letters are prepared.

Exit Messenger.

CHARMIAN

A proper man.

CLEOPATRA

Indeed, he is so : I repent me much
 That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,
 This creature 's no such thing.

CHARMIAN

Nothing, madam.

CLEOPATRA

The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

CHARMIAN

Hath he seen majesty ? Isis else defend,
 And serving you so long !

CLEOPATRA

I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian ;
 But 't is no matter ; thou shalt bring him to me
 Where I will write. All may be well enough.

CHARMIAN

I warrant you, madam.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV

ATHENS. — A ROOM IN ANTONY'S HOUSE.

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.

ANTONY

Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that, —
 That were excusable, that, and thousands more
 Of semblable import, — but he hath wag'd
 New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
 To public ear :
 Spoke scantily of me : when perforce he could not
 But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
 He vented them; most narrow measure lent me :
 When the best hint was given him, he not took 't,
 Or did it from his teeth.

OCTAVIA

O my good lord,
 Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
 Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
 If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
 Praying for both parts :
 The good gods will mock me presently,
 When I shall pray: « O, bless my lord and husband! »
 Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud :
 « O, bless my brother! » Husband win, win brother,
 Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
 'Twixt these extremes at all.

ANTONY

Gentle Octavia,

Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
 Best to preserve it : if I lose mine honour,
 I lose myself : better I were not yours
 Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
 Yourself shall go between 's : the mean time, lady;
 I 'll raise the preparation of a war
 Shall stain your brother : make your soonest haste;
 So your desires are yours.

OCTAVIA

Thanks to my lord.

The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
 Your reconciler ! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
 As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
 Should solder up the rift.

ANTONY

When it appears to you where this begins,
 Turn your displeasure that way ; for our faults
 Can never be so equal, that your love
 Can equally move with them. Provide your going ;
 Choose your own company, and command what cost
 Your heart has mind to.

Exeunt.

SCENE V

THE SAME. — ANOTHER ROOM

Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.

ENOBARBUS

How now, friend Eros!

EROS

There 's strange news come, sir

ENOBARBUS

What, man?

EROS

Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

ENOBARBUS

This is old : what is the success?

EROS

Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry; would not let him partake in the glory of the action : and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him : so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

ENOBARBUS

Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;
 And throw between them all the food thou hast,
 They 'll grind the one the other. Where 's Antony?

EROS

He 's walking in the garden — thus; and spurns
 The rush that lies before him; cries, « Fool Lepidus! »

And threatens the throat of that his officer
That murder'd Pompey.

ENOBARBUS

Our great navy 's rigg'd.

EROS

For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently : my news
I might have told hereafter.

ENOBARBUS

'T will be naught :

But let it be. Bring me to Antony.

EROS

Come, sir.

Exeunt.

SCENE VI

ROME. — CÆSAR'S HOUSE

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA and MECÆNAS.

CÆSAR

Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and more,
In Alexandria : here 's the manner of 't :
I' th' market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd : at the feet sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the stablishment of Egypt ; made her

Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

MECÆNAS

This in the public eye?

CÆSAR

I' th' common show-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings :
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander ; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia and Phœnicia : she
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd ; and oft before gave audience,
As 't is reported, so.

MECÆNAS

Let Rome be thus

Inform'd.

AGRIPPA

Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

CÆSAR

The people know it ; and have now received
His accusations.

AGRIPPA

Who does he accuse?

CÆSAR

Cæsar : and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' th' isle : then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd : lastly, he frets
That Lepidus of the triumvirate

Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

AGRIPPA

Sir, this should be answer'd.

CÆSAR

'T is done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change : for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

MECÆNAS

He'll never yield to that.

CÆSAR

Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA with her train.

OCTAVIA

Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

CÆSAR

That ever I should call thee castaway!

OCTAVIA

You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

CÆSAR

Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister : the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way

Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
 Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust
 Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
 Rais'd by your populous troops : but you are come
 A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
 The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,
 Is often left unloved : we should have met you
 By sea and land; supplying every stage
 With an augmented greeting.

OCTAVIA

Good my lord,
 To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did
 On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
 Hearing that you prepared for war, acquainted
 My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
 His pardon for return.

CÆSAR

Which soon he granted,
 Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

OCTAVIA

Do not say so, my lord.

CÆSAR

I have eyes upon him,
 And his affairs come to me on the wind.
 Where is he now ?

OCTAVIA

My lord, in Athens.

CÆSAR

No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
 Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire

Up to a whore; who now are levying
 The kings o' th' earth for war : he hath assembled
 Bocchus, the King of Libya; Archelaus,
 Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, King
 Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian King, Adallas;
 King Malchus of Arabia; King of Pont;
 Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, King
 Of Comagene; Polemon and Amyntas,
 The Kings of Mede and Lycaonia,
 With a more larger list of sceptres,

OCTAVIA

Ay me, most wretched,

That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
 That do afflict each other!

CÆSAR

Welcome hither :

Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
 Till we perceived, both how you were wrong led,
 And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart :
 Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
 O'er your content these strong necessities;
 But let determined things to destiny
 Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome;
 Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
 Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
 To do you justice, make them ministers
 Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort;
 And ever welcome to us.

AGRIPPA

Welcome, lady.

MECÆNAS

Welcome, dear madam.
 Each heart in Rome does love and pity you :
 Only the adulterous Antony, most large
 In his abominations, turns you off ;
 And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
 That noises it against us.

OCTAVIA

Is it so, sir ?

CÆSAR

Most certain. Sister, welcome : pray you,
 Be ever known to patience : my dear'st sister !

Exeunt.

SCENE VII

NEAR ACTIUM. — ANTONY'S CAMP

Enter CLEOPATRA *and* ENOBARBUS.

CLEOPATRA

I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

ENOBARBUS

But why, why, why ?

CLEOPATRA

Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,
 And say'st it is not fit.

ENOBARBUS

Well, is it, is it ?

CLEOPATRA

If not denounc'd against us, why should not we
Be there in person?

ENOBARBUS, *aside*

Well, I could reply :

If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost ; the mares would bear
A soldier and his horse.

CLEOPATRA

What is 't you say ?

ENOBARBUS

Your presence needs must puzzle Antony ;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from 's time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity ; and 't is said in Rome
That Photinus an eunuch and your maids
Manage this war.

CLEOPATRA

Sink Rome, and their tongues rot
That speak against us ! A charge we bear i' th' war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it ;
I will not stay behind.

ENOBARBUS

Nay, I have done.

Here comes the Emperor.

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

ANTONY

Is it not strange, Canidius,

That from Tarentum and Brundusium
 He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
 And take in Toryne? You have heard on 't, sweet?

CLEOPATRA

Celerity is never more admir'd
 Than by the negligent.

ANTONY

A good rebuke,
 Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
 To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we
 Will fight with him by sea.

CLEOPATRA

By sea! what else?

CANIDIUS

Why will my lord do so?

ANTONY

For that he dares us to 't.

ENOBARBUS

So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

CANIDIUS

Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
 Where Cæsar fought with Pompey; but these offers,
 Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
 And so should you.

ENOBARBUS

Your ships are not well mann'd;
 Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people
 Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet
 Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
 Their ships are yare; yours, heavy: no disgrace

Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

ANTONY

By sea, by sea.

stubborn to release

ENOBARBUS

Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

ANTONY

I'll fight at sea.

CLEOPATRA

I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

ANTONY

Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
We then can do 't at land.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Thy business?

MESSENGER

The news is true, my lord; he is descri'd;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

ANTONY

Can he be there in person? 't is impossible;

Strange that his power should be. Canidius,
 Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
 And our twelve thousand horse. We 'll to our ship :
 Away, my Thetis !

Enter a SOLDIER.

How now, worthy soldier !

SOLDIER

O noble emperor, do not fight by sea ;
 Trust not to rotten planks : do you misdoubt
 This sword and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians
 And the Phœnicians go a-ducking : we
 Have'used to conquer, standing on the earth,
 And fighting foot to foot.

ANTONY

Well, well : away !

Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra and Enobarbus.

SOLDIER

By Hercules, I think I am i' th' right.

CANIDIUS

Soldier, thou art; but his whole action grows
 Not in the power on 't : so our leader 's led,
 And we are women's men.

SOLDIER

You keep by land
 The legions and the horse whole, do you not ?

CANIDIUS

Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
 Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea :
 But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's

Carries beyond belief.

SOLDIER

While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions as
Beguil'd all spies.

CANIDIUS

Who 's his lieutenant, hear you?

SOLDIER

They say, one Taurus.

CANIDIUS

Well I know the man.

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

The Emperor calls Canidius.

CANIDIUS

With news the time 's with labour, and throes forth,
Each minute, some.

Exeunt.

SCENE VIII

A PLAIN NEAR ACTIUM

Enter CÆSAR, and TAURUS, with his army, marching.

CÆSAR

Taurus!

TAURUS

My lord?

CÆSAR

Strike not by land; keep whole : provoke not battle,

Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scroll : our fortune lies
Upon this jump.

Exeunt.

SCENE IX

ANOTHER PART OF THE PLAIN

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

ANTONY

Set we our squadrons on yond side o' th' hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly.

Exeunt.

SCENE X

ANOTHER PART OF THE PLAIN

CANIDIUS marcheth with his land army one way over the
stage; and TAURUS, the lieutenant of CÆSAR, the other
way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.

Alarum. — Enter ENOBARBUS.

ENOBARBUS

Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer:
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,

With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder :
To see 't mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

SCARUS

Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them !

ENOBARBUS

What 's thy passion ?

SCARUS

The greater cante of the world is lost
With very ignorance ; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

ENOBARBUS

How appears the fight ?

SCARUS

On our side like the token'd pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribaldred nag of Egypt, —
Whom leprosy o'ertake ! — i' th' midst o' th' fight,
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,
The breese upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails and flies.

ENOBARBUS

That I beheld :
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view

SCARUS

She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,

Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doting mallard,
 Leaving the fight in height, flies after her :
 I never saw an action of such shame ;
 Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
 Did violate so itself.

ENOBARBUS

Alack, alack !

Enter CANIDIUS.

CANIDIUS

Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
 And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
 Been what he knew himself, it had gone well :
 O, he has given example for our flight,
 Most grossly, by his own !

ENOBARBUS

Ay, are you thereabouts ?

Why, then, good night indeed.

CANIDIUS

Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

SCARUS

'T is easy to 't ; and there I will attend
 What further comes.

CANIDIUS

To Cæsar will I render
 My legions and my horse : six kings already
 Show me the way of yielding.

ENOBARBUS

I 'll yet follow

The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me.

Exeunt.

SCENE XI

ALEXANDRIA. — CLEOPATRA'S PALACE

Enter ANTONY with ATTENDANTS.

ANTONY

Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon 't;
It is asham'd to bear me! Friends, come hither:
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever: I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

ATTENDANTS

Fly! not we.

ANTONY

I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run and show their shoulders. Friends, be gone,
I have myself resolv'd upon a course
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure's in the harbour, take it. O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting. Friends, be gone: you shall
Have letters from me to some friends that will

Antony and Cleopatra.

Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
 Nor make replies of loathness : take the hint
 Which my despair proclaims ; let that be left
 Which leaves itself : to the sea-side straightway :
 I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
 Leave me, I pray, a little : pray you now :
 Nay, do so ; for, indeed, I have lost command,
 Therefore I pray you : I'll see you by and by.

Sits down.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN and IRAS,
 EROS following.*

EROS

Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort him.

IRAS

Do, most dear queen.

CHARMIAN

Do ! why : what else ?

CLEOPATRA

Let me sit down. O Juno !

ANTONY

No, no, no, no, no.

EROS

See you here, sir ?

ANTONY

O fie, fie, fie !

CHARMIAN

Madam !

IRAS

Madam, O good empress !

] pathetic

EROS

Sir, sir, —

ANTONY

Yes, my lord, yes; he at Philippi kept
 His sword e'en like a dancer; while I struck
 The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 't was I
 That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
 Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
 In the brave squares of war: yet now — No matter.

CLEOPATRA

Ah, stand by.

EROS

The Queen, my lord, the Queen.

IRAS

Go to him, madam, speak to him:]
 He is unqualified with very shame.

CLEOPATRA

Well then, sustain me: O!]

EROS

Most noble sir, arise; the Queen approaches:]
 Her head 's declin'd, and death will seize her, but
 Your comfort makes the rescue.

ANTONY

I have offended reputation,]
 A most un noble swerving.

EROS

Sir, the Queen.

ANTONY

O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,]
 How I convey my shame out of thine eyes

By looking back what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

CLEOPATRA

O my lord, my lord,
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought
You would have follow'd.

ANTONY

Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder ti'd by th' strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after: o'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

CLEOPATRA

O, my pardon!

ANTONY

Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o' th' world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

CLEOPATRA

Pardon, pardon!

ANTONY

Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost: give me a kiss;
Even this repays me. We sent our schoolmaster;

Is he come back? Love, I am full of lead.
 Some wine, within there, and our viands! Fortune knows
 We scorn her most when most she offers blows.

Exeunt.

SCENE XII

EGYPT. — CÆSAR'S CAMP

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, with others.

CÆSAR

Let him appear that 's come from Antony.
 Know you him?

DOLABELLA

Cæsar, 't is his schoolmaster :
 An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
 He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
 Which had superfluous kings for messengers
 Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS, ambassador from ANTONY.

CÆSAR

Approach, and speak.

EUPHRONIUS

Such as I am, I come from Antony :
 I was of late as petty to his ends
 As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
 To his grand sea.

CÆSAR

Be 't so : declare thine office.

EUPHRONIUS

Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
 Requires to live in Egypt : which not granted,
 He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
 To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
 A private man in Athens : this for him.
 Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness ;
 Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
 The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
 Now hazarded to thy grace.

CÆSAR

For Antony,
 I have no ears to his request. The Queen
 Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she
 From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
 Or take his life there : this if she perform,
 She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

EUPHRONIUS

Fortune pursue thee !

CÆSAR

Bring him through the bands.

Exit Euphronius.

(To Thyreus.)

To try thy eloquence, now 't is time : dispatch ;
 From Antony win Cleopatra : promise,
 And in our name, what she requires ; add more,
 From thine invention, offers : women are not
 In their best fortunes strong ; but want will perjure

The ne'er-touch'd vestal : try thy cunning, Thyreus ;
 Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
 Will answer as a law.

THYREUS

Cæsar, I go.

CÆSAR

Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,
 And what thou think'st his very action speaks
 In every power that moves.

THYREUS

Cæsar, I shall.

Exeunt.

SCENE XIII

ALEXANDRIA. — CLEOPATRA'S PALACE

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN
and IRAS.

CLEOPATRA

What shall we do, Enobarbus ?

ENOBARBUS

Think, and die.

CLEOPATRA

Is Antony or we in fault for this ?—

ENOBARBUS

Antony only, that would make his will
 Lord of his reason. What though you fled
 From that great face of war, whose several ranges

Frighted each other? why should he follow?
 The itch of his affection should not then
 Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
 When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
 The mered question: 't was a shame no less
 Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
 And leave his navy gazing.

CLEOPATRA

Prithee, peace.

Enter ANTONY with EUPHRONIUS, the Ambassador.

ANTONY

Is that his answer?

EUPHRONIUS

Ay, my lord.

ANTONY

The Queen shall then have courtesy, so she
 Will yield us up.

EUPHRONIUS

He says so.

ANTONY

Let her know 't.

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
 And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
 With principalities.

CLEOPATRA

That head, my lord?

ANTONY

To him again: tell him he wears the rose

Of youth upon him; from which the world should note
 Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
 May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
 Under the service of a child as soon
 As i' th' command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
 To lay his gay comparisons apart,
 And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
 Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me.

Exeunt Antony and Euphronius.

ENOBARBUS, *aside.*

Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
 Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to th' show,
 Against a sworder! I see men's judgements are
 A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
 Do draw the inward quality after them,
 To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
 Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
 Answer his emptiness! Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd
 His judgement too.

Enter an ATTENDANT.

ATTENDANT

A messenger from Cæsar.

CLEOPATRA

What, no more ceremony? See, my women!
 Against the blown rose may they stop their nose
 That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, sir.

Exit Attendant.

ENOBARBUS, *aside.*

Mine honesty and I begin to square.

Antony and Cleopatra.

The loyalty well held to fools does make
 Our faith mere folly: yet he that can endure
 To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord
 Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
 And earns a place i' th' story.

Enter THYREUS.

CLEOPATRA

Cæsar's will?

THYREUS

Hear it apart.

CLEOPATRA

None but friends: say boldly.

THYREUS

So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

ENOBARBUS

He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has;
 Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
 Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know
 Whose he is we are, and that is, Cæsar's.

THYREUS

So.

Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar entreats,
 Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
 Further than he is Cæsar.

CLEOPATRA

Go on: right royal.

THYREUS

He knows that you embrace not Antony

As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

CLEOPATRA

O!

THYREUS

The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

CLEOPATRA

He is a god, and knows
What is most right : mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

ENOBARBUS, *aside*.

To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony. Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee.

Exit.

THYREUS

Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon : but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

CLEOPATRA

What 's your name?

THYREUS

My name is Thyreus.

CLEOPATRA

Most kind messenger,
 Say to great Cæsar this : in deputation
 I kiss his conquering hand : tell him, I am prompt
 To lay my crown at 's feet, and there to kneel :
 Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
 The doom of Egypt.

THYREUS

'T is your noblest course.
 Wisdom and fortune combating together,
 If that the former dare but what it can,
 No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
 My duty on your hand.

CLEOPATRA

Your Cæsar's father oft,
 When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
 Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
 As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

ANTONY

Favours, by Jove that thunders !
 What art thou, fellow ?

THYREUS

One that but performs
 The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
 To have command obey'd.

ENOBARBUS, *aside.*

You will be whipp'd.

ANTONY

Approach there! Ah, you kite! Now, gods and devils!
 Authority melts from me: of late, when I cried « Ho! »
 Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
 And cry « Your will? » Have you no ears? I am
 Antony yet.

Enter ATTENDANTS.

Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

ENOBARBUS, *aside.*

'T is better playing with a lion's whelp
 Than with an old one dying.

ANTONY

Moon and stars!

Whip him. Were 't twenty of the greatest tributaries
 That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
 So saucy with the hand of she here, — what 's her name,
 Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him, fellows,
 Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
 And whine aloud for mercy: take him hence.

THYREUS

Mark Antony!

ANTONY

Tug him away: being whipp'd,
 Bring him again: this Jack of Cæsar's shall
 Bear us an errand to him.

Exeunt Attendants with Thyreus.

You were half blasted ere I knew you: ha!
 Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,

}

Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
 And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
 By one that looks on feeders?

CLEOPATRA

Good my lord, —

ANTONY

You have been a boggler ever:
 And when we in our viciousness grow hard —
 O misery on 't! — the wise gods seel our eyes;
 In our own filth drop our clear judgements; make us
 Adore our errors; laugh at 's, while we strut
 To our confusion.

CLEOPATRA

O, is 't come to this?

ANTONY

I found you as a morsel cold upon
 Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment
 Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
 Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
 Luxuriously pick'd out: for, I am sure,
 Though you can guess what temperance should be,
 You know not what it is.

CLEOPATRA

Wherefore is this?

ANTONY

To let a fellow that will take rewards
 And say « God quit you! » be familiar with
 My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal
 And plighter of high hearts! O, that I were
 Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar

The horn'd herd! for I have savage cause;
 And to proclaim it civilly, were like
 A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank
 For being yare about him.

Re-enter ATTENDANTS with THYREUS.

Is he whipp'd?

FIRST ATTENDANT

Soundly, my lord.

ANTONY

Cried he? and begg'd he pardon?

FIRST ATTENDANT

He did ask favour.

ANTONY

If that thy father live, let him repent
 Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
 To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
 Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth
 The white hand of a lady fever thee,
 Shake thou to look on't. Get thee back to Cæsar,
 Tell him thy entertainment: look thou say
 He makes me angry with him; for he seems
 Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
 Not what he knew I was: he makes me angry;
 And at this time most easy 't is to do't,
 When my good stars, that were my former guides,
 Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
 Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
 My speech and what is done, tell him he has

Hipparchus, my enfranchised bondman, whom
 He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
 As he shall like, to quit me : urge it thou :
 Hence with thy stripes, begone !

Exit Thyreus.

CLEOPATRA

Have you done yet ?

ANTONY

Alack, our terrene moon
 Is now eclips'd ; and it portends alone
 The fall of Antony !

CLEOPATRA

I must stay his time.

ANTONY

To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
 With one that ties his points ?

CLEOPATRA

Not know me yet ?

ANTONY

Cold-hearted toward me ?

CLEOPATRA

Ah, dear, if I be so,

From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
 And poison it in the source ; and the first stone
 Drop in my neck : as it determines, so
 Dissolve my life ! The next Cæsarion smite !
 Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
 Together with my brave Egyptians all,
 By the discandying of this pelleted storm,

Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

ANTONY

I am satisfied.]

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet, threatening most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle:
There 's hope in't yet.

CLEOPATRA

That 's my brave lord!]

ANTONY

I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breathed,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now I 'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,
Let 's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my sad captains; fill our bowls once more;
Let 's mock the midnight bell.

CLEOPATRA

It is my birth-day:]

I had thought to have held it poor; but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

ANTONY

We will yet do well.

Antony and Cleopatra.

CLEOPATRA

Call all his noble captains to my lord.

ANTONY

Do so, we 'll speak to them; and to-night I 'll force
The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my queen;
There 's sap in 't yet. The next time I do fight,
I 'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

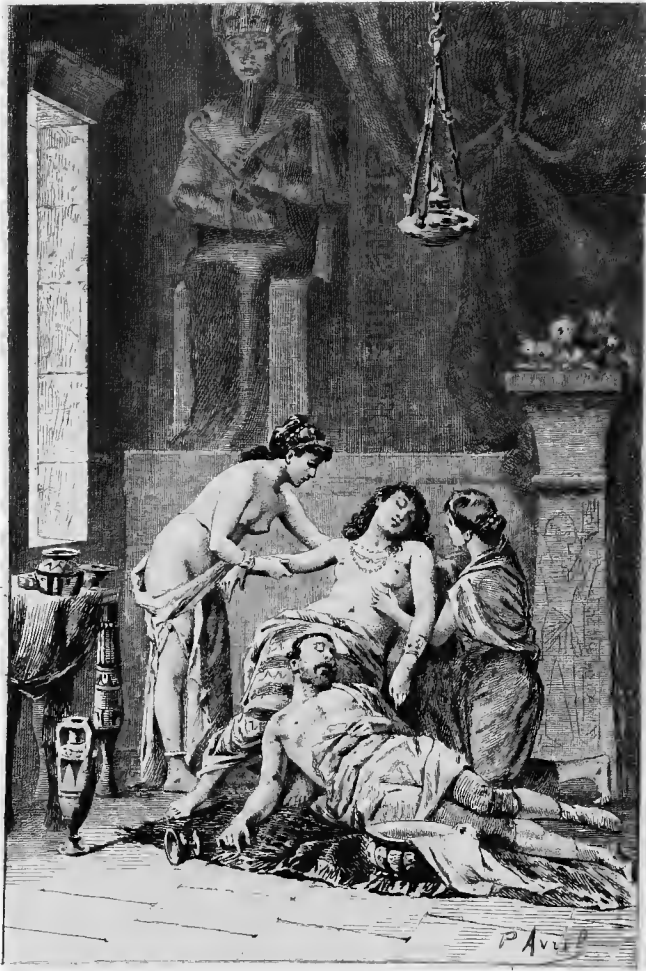
Exeunt all but Enobarbus.

ENOBARBUS

Now he 'll outstare the lightning. To be furious,
Is to be frighted out of fear } and in that mood
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart : when valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him.

Exit.





ACT IV, SCENE XV



ACT IV

SCENE I

BEFORE ALEXANDRIA. — CÆSAR'S CAMP

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS, with his army;
CÆSAR reading a letter.*

CÆSAR

He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony: let the old ruffian know
I have many other ways to die; meantime
Laugh at his challenge.

MECÆNAS

Cæsar must think,
 When one so great begins to rage, he 's hunted
 Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
 Make boot of his distraction : never anger
 Made good guard for itself.

CÆSAR

Let our best heads
 Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
 We mean to fight : within our files there are,
 Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
 Enough to fetch him in. See it done :
 And feast the army ; we have store to do 't,
 And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony !

Exeunt.

SCENE II

ALEXANDRIA. — CLEOPATRA'S PALACE

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS,
 CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *with others.*

ANTONY

He will not fight with me, Domitius.

ENOBARBUS

No.

ANTONY

Why should he not ?

ENOBARBUS

He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

ANTONY

To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight : or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

ENOBARBUS

I'll strike, and cry « Take all ».

ANTONY

Well said ; come on.
Call forth my household servants : let's to-night
Be bounteous at our meal.

Enter three or four SERVITORS.

Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest ; — so hast thou ; —
Thou, — and thou, — and thou : — you have serv'd me well,
And kings have been your fellows.

CLEOPATRA, *aside to Enobarbus.*

What means this?

ENOBARBUS, *aside to Cleopatra.*

'T is one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.

ANTONY

And thou art honest too.
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapp'd up together in

An Antony, that I might do you service
So good as you have done.

ALL

The gods forbid!

ANTONY

Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

CLEOPATRA, *aside to Enobarbus.*

- What does he mean?

ENOBARBUS, *aside to Cleopatra.*

To make his followers weep.

ANTONY

Tend me to-night;

May be it is the period of your duty:
Haply you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow: perchance to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Marri'd to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't!

ENOBARBUS

What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd: for shame,
Transform us not to women.

ANTONY

Ho, ho, ho!

Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
 Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
 You take me in too dolorous a sense;
 For I spake to you for your comfort; did desire you
 To burn this night with torches : know, my hearts,
 I hope well of to-morrow ; and will lead you
 Where rather I'll expect victorious life
 Than death and honour. Let 's to supper, come,
 And drown consideration.

Exeunt.

SCENE III

THE SAME. — BEFORE THE PALACE

Enter two SOLDIERS to their guard.

FIRST SOLDIER

Brother, good night : to-morrow is the day.

SECOND SOLDIER

It will determine one way : fare you well.
 Heard you of nothing strange about the streets ?

FIRST SOLDIER

Nothing. What news ?

SECOND SOLDIER

Belike 't is but a rumour. Good night to you.

FIRST SOLDIER

Well, sir, good night.

Enter two other SOLDIERS.

SECOND SOLDIER

Soldiers, have careful watch.

THIRD SOLDIER

And you. Good night, good night.

They place themselves in every corner of the stage.

FOURTH SOLDIER

Here we : and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.

THIRD SOLDIER

'T is a brave army,
And full of purpose.

Music of the hautboys as under the stage.

FOURTH SOLDIER

Peace! what noise?

FIRST SOLDIER

List, list!

SECOND SOLDIER

Hark!

FIRST SOLDIER

Music i' th' air.

THIRD SOLDIER

Under the earth.

FOURTH SOLDIER

It signs well, does it not?

THIRD SOLDIER

No.

FIRST SOLDIER

Peace, I say!

What should this mean?

SECOND SOLDIER

'T is the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
Now leaves him.

FIRST SOLDIER

Walk; let 's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.

They advance to another post.

SECOND SOLDIER

How now, masters!

ALL, speaking together.

How now!

How now! do you hear this?

FIRST SOLDIER

Ay; is 't not strange?

THIRD SOLDIER

Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

FIRST SOLDIER

Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let 's see how it will give off.

ALL

Content. 'T is strange.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV

THE SAME. — A ROOM IN THE PALACE

Enter ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and*
others attending.

ANTONY

Eros! mine armour, Eros!

CLEOPATRA

Sleep a little.] *Just
went to bed*

ANTONY

No, my chuck. Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Enter EROS *with* armour.

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on :
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her : come

CLEOPATRA

Nay, I 'll help too]

What 's this for ?

ANTONY

Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart : false, false ; this, this.]

CLEOPATRA

Sooth, la, I 'll help : thus it must be.

ANTONY

Well, well;

We shall thrive now. Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go put on thy defences.

EROS

Briefly, sir.

CLEOPATRA

Is not this buckled well?

ANTONY

Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To daff 't for our repose, shall hear a storm.
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen 's a squire
More tight at this than thou: dispatch. O love,
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou shouldst see
A workman in 't.

Enter an armed SOLDIER.

Good morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to 't with delight.

SOLDIER

A thousand, sir,
Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.

Shout. Trumpets flourish.

Enter CAPTAINS and SOLDIERS.

CAPTAINS

The morn is fair. Good morrow, general.

ALL

Good morrow, general.

ANTONY

'T is well blown, lads :

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, so; come, give me that : this way ; well said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me :
This is a soldier's kiss : rebukeable

Kisses her.

And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment ; I 'll leave thee
Nów, like a man of steel. You that will fight,
Follow me close ; I 'll bring you to 't. Adieu.

Exeunt Antony, Eros, Captains and Soldiers.

CHARMIAN

Please you, retire to your chamber.

CLEOPATRA

Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight !
Then, Antony, — but now — Well, on.

Exeunt.

SCENE V

ALEXANDRIA. — ANTONY'S CAMP

Trumpets sound.

Enter ANTONY and EROS; a SOLDIER meeting them.

SOLDIER

The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

ANTONY

Would thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!

SOLDIER

Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

ANTONY

Who's gone this morning?

SOLDIER

Who!

One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say « I am none of thine ».

ANTONY

What say'st thou?

SOLDIER

Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

EROS

Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

ANTONY

Is he gone?

SOLDIER

Most certain.

ANTONY

Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him —

I will subscribe — gentle adieus and greetings ;
 Say that I wish he never find more cause
 To change a master. O, my fortunes have
 Corrupted honest men ! Dispatch. — Enobarbus!
Exeunt.

SCENE VI

ALEXANDRIA. — CÆSAR'S CAMP

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, with ENOBARBUS, and others.

CÆSAR

Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight :
 Our will is Antony be took alive ;
 Make it so known.

AGRIPPA

Cæsar, I shall.

Exit.

CÆSAR

The time of universal peace is near :
 Prove this a prosp'rous day, the three-nook'd world
 Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

Antony

Is come into the field.

CÆSAR

Go charge Agrippa

Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself.

Exeunt all but Enobarbus.

ENOBARBUS

Alexas did revolt ; and went to Jewry on
Affairs of Antony ; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony : for this pains
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius and the rest
That fell away have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill ;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a SOLDIER of Cæsar's.

SOLDIER

Enobarbus, Antony

Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus : the messenger
Came on my guard ; and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

ENOBARBUS

I give it you.

SOLDIER

Mock not, Enobarbus.

I tell you true : best you saf'd the bringer
Out of the host ; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove.

Exit.

ENOBARBUS

I am alone the villain of the earth,
 And feel I am so most: O Antony,
 Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
 My better service, when my turpitude
 Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:
 If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
 Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do 't, I feel—
 I fight against thee! No: I will go seek
 Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
 My latter part of life.

Exit.

SCENE VII

FIELD OF BATTLE BETWEEN THE CAMPS

Alarum. Drums and trumpets.

Enter AGRIPPA and others.

AGRIPPA

Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far:
 Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
 Exceeds what we expected.

Alarums.

Exeunt.

Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS wounded.

SCARUS

O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
 Had we done so at first, we had droven them home
 With clouts about their heads.

ANTONY

Thou bleed'st apace.

SCARUS

I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 't is made an H.

ANTONY

They do retire.

SCARUS

We 'll beat 'em into bench-holes : I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter EROS.

EROS

They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.

SCARUS

Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind :
'T is sport to maul a runner.

ANTONY

I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

SCARUS

I 'll halt after.

Exeunt.

SCENE VIII

UNDER THE WALLS OF ALEXANDRIA

Alarum.

Enter ANTONY, in a march; SCARUS, with others.

ANTONY

We have beat him to his camp : run one before,
 And let the Queen know of our gests. To-morrow,
 Before the sun shall see 's, we 'll spill the blood
 That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
 For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
 Not as you serv'd the cause, but as 't had been
 Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hector's.
 Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
 Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
 Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
 The honour'd gashes whole.

To Scarus.

Give me thy hand;

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

To this great fairy I 'll commend thy acts,
 Make her thanks bless thee.

To Cleopatra.

O thou day o' th' world,
 Chain mine arm'd neck : leap thou, attire and all,
 Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
 Ride on the pants triumphing!

CLEOPATRA

Lord of lords!

O infinite virtue, com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

ANTONY

My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! though grey
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet ha' we
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand:
Kiss it, my warrior: he hath fought to-day
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

CLEOPATRA

I 'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

ANTONY

He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car. Give me thy hand:
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together,
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach.

Exeunt.

SCENE IX

CÆSAR'S CAMP

SENTINELS *at their post.*

FIRST SOLDIER

If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
 We must return to th' court of guard : the night
 Is shiny; and they say we shall embattle
 By the second hour i' th' morn.

SECOND SOLDIER

This last day was

A shrewd one to 's.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

ENOBARBUS

O, bear me witness, night, —

THIRD SOLDIER

What man is this?

SECOND SOLDIER

Stand close, and list him.

ENOBARBUS

Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
 When men revolted shall upon record
 Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did,
 Before thy face repent!

FIRST SOLDIER

Enobarbus!

THIRD SOLDIER

Peace!

Hark further.

ENOBARBUS

O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
 The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,
 That life, a very rebel to my will,
 May hang no longer on me : throw my heart
 Against the flint and hardness of my fault ;
 Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
 And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
 Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
 Forgive me in thine own particular ;
 But let the world rank me in register
 A master-leaver and a fugitive :
 O Antony! O Antony!

Dies.

SECOND SOLDIER

Let 's speak

To him.

FIRST SOLDIER

Let 's hear him, for the things he speaks
 May concern Cæsar.

THIRD SOLDIER

Let 's do so. But he sleeps.

FIRST SOLDIER

Swoons rather ; for so bad a prayer as his
 Was never yet for sleep.

SECOND SOLDIER

Go we to him.

THIRD SOLDIER

Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.

SECOND SOLDIER

Hear you, sir?

FIRST SOLDIER

The hand of death hath raught him.

Drums afar off.

Hark! the drums

Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard; he is of note : our hour
Is fully out.

THIRD SOLDIER

Come on, then;

He may recover yet.

Exeunt wjth the body.

SCENE X

BETWEEN THE TWO CAMPS

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with their army.

ANTONY

Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.

SCARUS

For both, my lord.

ANTONY

I would they 'ld fight i' th' fire or i' th' air;
We 'ld fight there too. But this it is; our foot

Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us : order for sea is given ;
They have put forth the haven. [Go we up]
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour.

Exeunt.

SCENE XI

ANOTHER PART OF THE SAME

Enter CÆSAR and his army.

CÆSAR

But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take 't, we shall ; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage.

Exeunt.

SCENE XII

ANOTHER PART OF THE SAME

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

ANTONY

Yet they are not join'd : where yond pine does stand,
I shall discover all : I 'll bring thee word
Straight, how 't is like to go.

Exit.

SCARUS

Swallows have built
 In Cleopatra's sails their nests : the augurers
 Say they know not, they cannot tell ; look grimly,
 And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
 Is valiant, and dejected ; and, by starts,
 His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
 Of what he has, and has not.

Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight,

Re-enter ANTONY.

ANTONY

All is lost ;
 This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me :
 My fleet hath yielded to the foe ; and yonder
 They cast their caps up and carouse together
 Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore ! 't is thou
 Hast sold me to this novice ; and my heart
 Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly ;
 For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
 I have done all. Bid them all fly ; begone.

Exit Scarus.

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more :
 Fortune and Antony part here ; even here
 Do we shake hands. All come to this ? The hearts
 That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
 Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
 On blossoming Cæsar ; and this pine is bark'd,
 That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am :
 O this false soul of Egypt ! this grave charm, —

Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home;
 Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end, —
 Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
 Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.
 What, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!

CLEOPATRA

Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?]

ANTONY

Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
 And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
 And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:
 Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
 Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
 For poor'st diminutives, for doits; and let
 Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
 With her prepared nails.

Exit Cleopatra.

'T is well thou 'rt gone,

If it be well to live; but better 't were
 Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
 Might have prevented many. Eros, ho!
 The shirt of Nessus is upon me: teach me,
 Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
 Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' th' moon;
 And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club
 Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die:

Antony and Cleopatra.

To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot ; she dies for 't. Eros, ho!

Exit.

SCENE XIII

ALEXANDRIA. — CLEOPATRA'S PALACE

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS
and MARDIAN.

CLEOPATRA

Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd

CHARMIAN

To the monument!

There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting
Than greatness going off.

CLEOPATRA

To the monument!

Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was « Antony »,
And word it, prithee, piteously : hence, Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my death. To the monument!

Exeunt.

SCENE XIV

THE SAME. — ANOTHER ROOM

Enter ANTONY and EROS.

ANTONY

Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

EROS

Ay, noble lord.

ANTONY

Sometime we see a cloud that 's dragonish;
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air : thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.

EROS

Ay, my lord.

ANTONY

That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

EROS

It does, my lord.

ANTONY

My good knave Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body : here I am Antony;

Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
 I made these wars for Egypt : and the Queen, —
 Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine;
 Which whilst it was mine had annex'd unto 't
 A million more, now lost, — she, Eros, has
 Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd my glory
 Unto an enemy's triumph.
 Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
 Ourselves to end ourselves.

Enter MARDIAN.

O, thy vile lady!
 She has robb'd me of my sword.

MARDIAN

No, Antony;
 My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
 With thine entirely.

ANTONY

Hence, saucy eunuch; peace!
 She hath betray'd me and shall die the death.

MARDIAN

Death of one person can be paid but once,
 And that she has discharg'd : what thou wouldst do
 Is done unto thy hand : the last she spake
 Was « Antony ! most noble Antony ! »
 Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
 The name of Antony ; it was divided
 Between her heart and lips : she render'd life,
 Thy name so buried in her.

ANTONY

Dead, then?

MARDIAN

Dead.

ANTONY

Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep.

To Mardian.

That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; go.

Exit Mardian.

Off, pluck off :

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O; cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case! Apace, Eros, apace.
No more a soldier : bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne. From me awhile.

Exit Eros.

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture : since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no farther : now all labour
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength : seal then, and all is done.
Eros ! — I come, my queen : — Eros ! — Stay for me :
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze :
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours. Come, Eros, Eros !

Re-enter EROS.

EROS

What would my lord ?

ANTONY

Since Cleopatra died,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she which by her death our Cæsar tells
« I am conqueror of myself ». Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come, which now
Is come indeed, when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then wouldst kill me: do 't; the time is come:
Thou strik'st not me, 't is Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

EROS

The gods withhold me !
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not ?

ANTONY

Eros,
Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat

Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

EROS

I would not see 't.

ANTONY

Come, then ; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

EROS

O, sir, pardon me!

ANTONY

When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once ;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

EROS

Turn from me, then, that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

ANTONY

Lo thee!

Turning from him.

EROS

My sword is drawn.

ANTONY

Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

EROS

My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor, let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

ANTONY

'T is said, man; and farewell.

EROS

Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

ANTONY

Now, Eros.

EROS

Why, there then : thus I do escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death.

Kills himself.

ANTONY

Thrice-nobler than myself!

Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou couldst not. [My queen and Eros
Have by their brave instruction got upon me
A nobleness in record : but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't
As to a lover's bed.] Come then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar : to do thus

Falling on his sword.

I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?
The guard, ho! O, dispatch me!

Enter DERCETAS and GUARD.

FIRST GUARD

What 's the noise?

ANTONY

I have done my work ill, friends : O, make an end
Of what I have begun.

SECOND GUARD

The star is fall'n.

FIRST GUARD

And time is at his period.

ALL

Alas, and woe!

ANTONY

Let him that loves me strike me dead.

FIRST GUARD

Not I.

SECOND GUARD

Nor I.

THIRD GUARD

Nor any one.

Exeunt guard.

DERCETAS

Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
 This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
 Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

DIOMEDES

Where 's Antony?

DERCETAS

There, Diomed, there.

DIOMEDES

Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man?

Exit Dercetas.

ANTONY

Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me
Sufficing strokes for death.

DIOMEDES

Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

ANTONY

When did she send thee?

DIOMEDES

Now, my lord.

ANTONY

Where is she?

DIOMEDES

Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear
Of what hath come to pass : for when she saw —
Which never shall be found — you did suspect —
She had dispos'd with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

ANTONY

Too late, good Diomed : call my guard, I prithee.

DIOMEDES

What, ho, the Emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!
Come, your lord calls!

Enter four or five of the GUARD of Antony.

ANTONY

Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;

'T is the last service that I shall command you.

FIRST GUARD

Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.

ALL

Most heavy day!

ANTONY

Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows : bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up :
I have led you oft : carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all.

Exeunt, bearing Antony.

SCENE XV

THE SAME. — A MONUMENT

*Enter CLEOPATRA, and her maids aloft, with
CHARMIAN and IRAS.*

CLEOPATRA

O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

CHARMIAN

Be comforted, dear madam.

CLEOPATRA

No, I will not :

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise ; our size of sorrow,

Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter, below, DIOMEDES.

How now! is he dead?

DIOMEDES

His death 's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' th' other side your monument;
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter, below, ANTONY, borne by the GUARD.

CLEOPATRA

O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in! darkling stand
The varying shore o' th' world. O Antony,
Antony, Antony! Help, Charmian, help, Iras, help;
Help, friends below; let 's draw him hither.

ANTONY

Peace!

Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

CLEOPATRA

So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 't is so!

ANTONY

I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

CLEOPATRA

I dare not, dear, —
 Dear my lord, pardon, — I dare not,
 Lest I be taken : not the imperious show
 Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
 Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
 Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe :
 Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
 And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
 Demuring upon me. But come, come, Antony, —
 Help me, my women, — we must draw thee up :
 Assist, good friends.

ANTONY

O, quick, or I am gone.

CLEOPATRA

Here 's sport indeed! How heavy weighs my lord!
 Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
 That makes the weight : had I great Juno's power,
 The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
 And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little, —
 Wishers were ever fools, — O, come, come, come;
They heave Antony aloft to Cleopatra.
 And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast lived :
 Quicken with kissing : had my lips that power,
 Thus would I wear them out.

ALL

A heavy sight!

ANTONY

I am dying, Egypt, dying :
 Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

CLEOPATRA

No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

ANTONY

One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety. O!

CLEOPATRA

They do not go together.

ANTONY

Gentle, hear me:
None about Cæsar trust but Proculeius.

CLEOPATRA

My resolution and my hands I'll trust;
None about Cæsar.

ANTONY

The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' th' world,
The noblest; and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman, — a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going;
I can no more.

CLEOPATRA

Noblest of men, woo 't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is

No better than a sty? O, see, my women,

Antony dies.

The crown o' th' earth doth melt. My lord!
 O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
 The soldier's pole is fall'n : young boys and girls
 Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
 And there is nothing left remarkable
 Beneath the visiting moon.

Faints.

CHARMIAN

O, quietness, lady!

IRAS

She is dead too, our sovereign.

CHARMIAN

Lady!

IRAS

Madam!

CHARMIAN

O madam, madam, madam!

IRAS

Royal Egypt,

Empress!

CHARMIAN

Peace, peace, Iras!

CLEOPATRA

No more; but e'en a woman, and commanded
 By such poor passion as the maid that milks
 And does the meanest chares. It were for me
 To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
 To tell them that this world did equal theirs

Till they had stol'n our jewel. All 's but naught;
 Patience is sottish, and impatience does
 Become a dog that 's mad : then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death,
 Ere death dare come to us? How do you, women?
 What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian!
 My noble girls! Ah, women, women, look,
 Our lamp is spent, it 's out! Good sirs, take heart :
 We 'll bury him; and then, what 's brave, what 's noble,
 Let 's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away :
 This case of that huge spirit now is cold :
 Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
 But resolution, and the briefest end.

Exeunt; those above bearing off Antony's body.





ACT V. SCENE II



ACT V

SCENE I

ALEXANDRIA. — CÆSAR'S CAMP

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS,
GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and others, his council of war.*

CÆSAR

Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks
The pauses that he makes.

DOLABELLA

Cæsar, I shall.

Exit.

Antony and Cleopatra.

Enter DERCETAS with the sword of ANTONY.

CÆSAR

Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'st
Appear thus to us?

DERCETAS

I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd : whilst he stood up and spoke,
He was my master; and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

CÆSAR

What is 't thou say'st?

DERCETAS

I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

CÆSAR

The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack : the wounded world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens : the death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

DERCETAS

He is dead, Cæsar;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,

Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
 Splitted the heart. This is his sword;
 I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
 With his most noble blood.

CÆSAR

Look you sad, friends?
 The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
 To wash the eyes of kings.

AGRIPPA

And strange it is,
 That nature must compel us to lament
 Our most persisted deeds.

MECÆNAS

His taints and honours
 Waged equal with him.

AGRIPPA

A rarer spirit never
 Did steer humanity; but you, gods, will give us
 Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

MECÆNAS

When such a spacious mirror 's set before him,
 He needs must see himself.

CÆSAR

O Antony!
 I have follow'd thee to this; but we do lance
 Diseases in our bodies : I must perforce
 Have shown to thee such a declining day,
 Or look on thine; we could not stall together
 In the whole world : but yet let me lament,
 With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,

That thou, my brother, my competitor
 In top of all design, my mate in empire,
 Friend and companion in the front of war,
 The arm of mine own body, and the heart
 Where mine his thoughts did kindle, — that our stars,
 Unreconcilable, should divide
 Our equalness to this. Hear me, good friends, —
 But I will tell you at some meeter season :

Enter an EGYPTIAN.

The business of this man looks out of him ;
 We 'll hear him what he says. Whence are you ?

EGYPTIAN

A poor Egyptian yet. The Queen my mistress,
 Confined in all she has, her monument,
 Of thy intents desires instruction,
 That she preparedly may frame herself
 To the way she 's forc'd to.

CÆSAR

Bid her have good heart :

She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
 How honourably and how kindly we
 Determine for her ; for Cæsar cannot live
 To be ungentle.

EGYPTIAN

So the gods preserve thee !

Exit.

CÆSAR

Come hither, Proculeius. Go and say,
 We purpose her no shame : give her what comforts

The quality of her passion shall require,
 Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
 She do defeat us; for her life in Rome
 Would be eternal in our triumph : go,
 And with your speediest bring us what she says,
 And how you find of her.

PROCULEIUS

Cæsar, I shall.

Exit.

CÆSAR

Gallus, go you along.

Exit Gallus.

Where 's Dolabella,
 To second Proculeius?

ALL

Dolabella!

CÆSAR

Let him alone, for I remember now
 How he 's employ'd : he shall in time be ready.
 Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
 How hardly I was drawn into this war;
 How calm and gentle I proceeded still
 In all my writings : go with me, and see
 What I can show in this.

Exeunt.

SCENE II

ALEXANDRIA. — A ROOM IN THE MONUMENT

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN and IRAS.

CLEOPATRA

My desolation does begin to make
 A better life. 'T is paltry to be Cæsar;
 Not being Fortune, he 's but Fortune's knave,
 A minister of her will : and it is great
 To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
 Which shackles accidents and bolts up change;
 Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,
 The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

*Enter, to the gates of the monument, PROCULEIUS,
 GALLUS and SOLDIERS.*

PROCULEIUS

Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt;
 And bids thee study on what fair demands
 Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

CLEOPATRA

What 's thy name?

PROCULEIUS

My name is Proculeius.

CLEOPATRA

Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
 I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
 That have no use for trusting. If your master

Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
 That majesty, to keep decorum, must
 No less beg than a kingdom : if he please
 To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
 He gives me so much of mine own, as I
 Will kneel to him with thanks.

PROCULEIUS

Be of good cheer ;
 You 're fall'n into a princely hand, fear nothing :
 Make your full reference freely to my lord,
 Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
 On all that need : let me report to him
 Your sweet dependency ; and you shall find
 A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,
 Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

CLEOPATRA

Pray you, tell him
 I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
 The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
 A doctrine of obedience ; and would gladly
 Look him i' th' face.

PROCULEIUS

This I 'll report, dear lady.
 Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
 Of him that caused it.

GALLUS

You see how easily she may be surprised :

Here Proculeius and two of the Guard ascend the monument by a ladder placed against a window, and, having descended, come behind Cleopatra. Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates.

To Proculeius and the Guard.

Guard her till Cæsar come.

Exit.

IRAS

Royal queen!

CHARMIAN

O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen.

CLEOPATRA

Quick, quick, good hands.

Drawing a dagger.

PROCULEIUS

Hold, worthy lady, hold :

Seizes and disarms her.

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

CLEOPATRA

What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?

PROCULEIUS

Cleopatra,

Do not abuse my master's bounty by
The undoing of yourself : let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

CLEOPATRA

Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

PROCULEIUS

O, temperance, lady!

CLEOPATRA

Sir, I will eat no meat, I 'll not drink, sir;
 If idle talk will once be necessary,
 I 'll not sleep neither : this mortal house I 'll ruin,
 Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
 Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
 Nor once be chastised with the sober eye
 Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up
 And show me to the shouting varletry
 Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
 Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
 Lay me stark-nak'd, and let the water-flies
 Blow me into abhorring! rather make
 My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
 And hang me up in chains!

PROCULEIUS

You do extend
 These thoughts of horror further than you shall
 Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

DOLABELLA

Proculeius,
 What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
 And he hath sent for thee : for the Queen,
 I 'll take her to my guard.

PROCULEIUS

So, Dolabella,
 It shall content me best : be gentle to her.

Antony and Cleopatra.

To Cleopatra.

To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
If you 'll employ me to him.

CLEOPATRA

Say, I would die.

Exeunt Proculeius and Soldiers.

DOLABELLA

Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

CLEOPATRA

I cannot tell.

DOLABELLA

Assuredly you know me.

CLEOPATRA

No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.
You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is 't not your trick?

DOLABELLA

I understand not, madam.

CLEOPATRA

I dream'd there was an Emperor Antony :
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

DOLABELLA

If it might please ye, —

CLEOPATRA

His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth.

DOLABELLA

Most sovereign creature, —

CLEOPATRA

His legs bestrid the ocean : his rear'd arm
 Crested the world : his voice was propertyed
 As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends ;
 But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
 He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
 There was no winter in 't ; an autumn 't was
 That grew the more by reaping ; his delights
 Were dolphin-like ; they show'd his back above
 The element they lived in : in his livery
 Walk'd crowns and crownets ; realms and islands were
 As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

DOLABELLA

Cleopatra!

CLEOPATRA

Think you there was, or might be, such a man
 As this I dream'd of?

DOLABELLA

Gentle madam, no.

CLEOPATRA

You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
 But, if there be, or ever were, one such,
 It 's past the size of dreaming : nature wants stuff
 To vie strange forms with fancy ; yet, to imagine
 An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
 Condemning shadows quite.

DOLABELLA

Hear me, good madam.

Your loss is as yourself, great ; and you bear it
 As answering to the weight : would I might never

O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots
My very heart at root.

CLEOPATRA

I thank you, sir.

Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

DOLABELLA

I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

CLEOPATRA

Nay, pray you, sir, —

DOLABELLA

Though he be honourable, —

CLEOPATRA

He 'll lead me, then, in triumph?

DOLABELLA

Madam, he will; I know 't.

Flourish, and shout within :

Make way there : Cæsar!

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS,
SELEUCUS, and others of his train.*

CÆSAR

Which is the Queen of Egypt?

DOLABELLA

It is the Emperor, madam.

Cleopatra kneels.

CÆSAR

Arise, you shall not kneel :

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

CLEOPATRA

Sir, the gods
Will have it thus ; my master and my lord
I must obey.

CÆSAR

Take to you no hard thoughts :
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

CLEOPATRA

Sole sir o' th' world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear ; but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often sham'd our sex.

CÆSAR

Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce :
If you apply yourself to our intents,
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall find
A benefit in this change ; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I 'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I 'll take my leave.

CLEOPATRA

And may, through all the world : 't is yours ; and we,
Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

CÆSAR

You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

CLEOPATRA

This is the brief of money, plate and jewels,
I am possess'd of : 't is exactly valued ;
Not petty things admitted. Where 's Seleucus?

SELEUCUS

Here, madam.

CLEOPATRA

This is my treasurer : let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

SELEUCUS

Madam,
I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

CLEOPATRA

What have I kept back?

SELEUCUS

Enough to purchase what you have made known.

CÆSAR

Nay, blush not, Cleopatra ; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

CLEOPATRA

See, Cæsar ! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd ! mine will now be yours ;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
Th' ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild : O slave, of no more trust

Than love that 's hir'd! What, goest thou back? thou shalt
 Go back, I warrant thee; but I 'll catch thine eyes,
 Though they had wings; slave, soulless villain, dog!
 O rarely base!

CÆSAR

Good queen, let us entreat you.

CLEOPATRA

O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this,
 That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
 Doing the honour of thy lordliness
 To one so meek, that mine own servant should
 Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
 Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
 That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
 Immoment toys, things of such dignity
 As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
 Some nobler token I have kept apart
 For Livia and Octavia, to induce
 Their mediation; must I be unfolded
 With one that I have bred? The gods! it smites me
 Beneath the fall I have.

To Seleucus.

Prithee, go hence;
 Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
 Through the ashes of my chance: wert thou a man,
 Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

CÆSAR

Forbear, Seleucus.

Exit Seleucus.

CLEOPATRA

Be it known, that we, the greatest, are misthought
 For things that others do; and, when we fall,
 We answer others' merits in our name,
 Are therefore to be pitied.

CÆSAR

Cleopatra,
 Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
 Put we i' th' roll of conquest : still be 't yours,
 Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
 Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
 Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;
 Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear queen;
 For we intend so to dispose you as
 Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
 Our care and pity is so much upon you,
 That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.

CLEOPATRA

My master, and my lord!

CÆSAR

Not so. Adieu.

Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar and his train.

CLEOPATRA

He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
 Be noble to myself: but, hark thee, Charmian.

Whispers Charmian.

IRAS

Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
 And we are for the dark.

CLEOPATRA

Hie thee again :
I have spoke already, and it is provided ;
Go put it to the haste.

CHARMIAN

Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

DOLABELLA

Where is the Queen ?

CHARMIAN

Behold, sir.

Exit.

CLEOPATRA

Dolabella !

DOLABELLA

Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this : Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey ; and within three days
You with your children will he send before ;
Make your best use of this : I have perform'd
Your pleasure and my promise.

CLEOPATRA

Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

DOLABELLA

I your servant.

Adieu, good queen ; I must attend on Cæsar.

Antony and Cleopatra.

23

CLEOPATRA

Farewell, and thanks.

Exit Dolabella.

Now, Iras, what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
 In Rome, as well as I : mechanic slaves
 With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
 Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
 Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
 And forc'd to drink their vapour.

IRAS

The gods forbid!

CLEOPATRA

Nay, 't is most certain, Iras : saucy lictors
 Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhymers
 Ballad us out o' tune : the quick comedians
 Extemporally will stage us, and present
 Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
 Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
 Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
 I' th' posture of a whore.

IRAS

O the good gods!

CLEOPATRA

Nay, that 's certain.

IRAS

I 'll never see 't; for, I am sure, my nails
 Are stronger than mine eyes.

CLEOPATRA

Why, that 's the way

To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.

Re-enter CHARMIAN.

Now, Charmian!
Show me, my women, like a queen : go fetch
My best attires ; I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony : sirrah Iras, go.
Now, noble Charmian, we 'll dispatch indeed ;
And, when thou hast done this chare, I 'll give thee leave
To play till doomsday. Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore 's this noise ?

Exit Iras. A noise within.

Enter a GUARDSMAN.

GUARDSMAN

Here is a rural fellow
That will not be denied your highness' presence :
He brings you figs.

CLEOPATRA

Let him come in.

Exit Guardsman.

What poor an instrument
May do a noble deed ! he brings me liberty.
My resolution 's placed, and I have nothing
Of woman in me ; now from head to foot
I am marble-constant ; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

*Re-enter GUARDSMAN, with CLOWN bringing
in a basket.*

GUARDSMAN

This is the man.

CLEOPATRA

Avoid, and leave him.

Exit Guardsman.

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

CLOWN

Truly, I have him; but I would not be the party that
should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immort-
al; those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

CLEOPATRA

Remember'st thou any that have died on 't?

CLOWN

Very many, men and women too. I heard of one
of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest
woman, but something given to lie; as a woman should
not do, but in the way of honesty: how she died of the
biting of it, what pain she felt: truly, she makes a very
good report o' th' worm; but he that will believe all
that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do;
but this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

CLEOPATRA

Get thee hence; farewell.

CLOWN

I wish you all joy of the worm.

Setting down his basket.

CLEOPATRA

Farewell.

CLOWN

You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

CLEOPATRA

Ay, ay; farewell.

CLOWN

Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

CLEOPATRA

Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

CLOWN

Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

CLEOPATRA

Will it eat me?

CLOWN

You must not think I am so simple but I know the Devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the Devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

CLEOPATRA

Well, get thee gone; farewell.

CLOWN

Yes, forsooth: I wish you joy o' th' worm.

Exit.

Re-enter IRAS with a robe, crown, etc.

CLEOPATRA

Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
 Immortal longings in me : now no more
 The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip :
 Yare, yare, good Iras; quick. Methinks I hear
 Antony call; I see him rouse himself
 To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
 The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
 To excuse their after wrath; husband, I come :
 Now to that name my courage prove my title!
 I am fire and air; my other elements
 I give to baser life. So; have you done?
 Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
 Farewell, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewell.

Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
 If thou and nature can so gently part,
 The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
 Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
 If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
 It is not worth leave-taking.

CHARMIAN

Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say,
 The gods themselves do weep!

CLEOPATRA

This proves me base :

If she first meet the curled Antony,
 He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss

Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,
To an asp, which she applies to her breast.

With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate
 Of life at once untie : poor venomous fool,
 Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,
 That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
 Unpolicied !

CHARMIAN

O eastern star !

CLEOPATRA

Peace, peace !

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
 That sucks the nurse asleep ?

CHARMIAN

O, break ! O, break !

CLEOPATRA

As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle, —
 O Antony ! — Nay, I will take thee too :

Applying another asp to her arm.

What should I stay —

Dies.

CHARMIAN

In this vile world ? So, fare thee well.
 Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
 A lass unparallel'd. Downy windows, close ;
 And golden Phœbus never be beheld
 Of eyes again so royal ! Your crown 's awry ;
 I 'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the GUARD, rushing in.

FIRST GUARD

Where is the Queen?

CHARMIAN

Speak softly, wake her not.

FIRST GUARD

Cæsar hath sent —

CHARMIAN

Too slow a messenger.

Applies an asp.

O, come apace, dispatch! I partly feel thee.

FIRST GUARD

Approach, ho! All 's not well : Cæsar 's beguil'd.

SECOND GUARD

There 's Dolabella sent from Cæsar ; call him.

FIRST GUARD

What work is here! Charmian, is this well done?

CHARMIAN

It is well done, and fitting for a princess

Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier!

Dies.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

DOLABELLA

How goes it here?

SECOND GUARD

All dead.

DOLABELLA

Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this : thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Within :

A way there, a way for Cæsar!

Re-enter CÆSAR and all his train, marching.

DOLABELLA

O sir, you are too sure an augurer ;
That you did fear is done.

CÆSAR

Bravest at the last,
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.

DOLABELLA

Who was last with them?

FIRST GUARD

A simple countryman, that brought her figs :
This was his basket.

CÆSAR

Poison'd, then.

FIRST GUARD

O Cæsar,
This Charmian liv'd but now ; she stood and spake :
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress ; tremblingly she stood
And on the sudden dropp'd.

CÆSAR

O noble weakness!
 If they had swallow'd poison, 't would appear
 By external swelling : but she looks like sleep,
 As she would catch another Antony
 In her strong toil of grace.

DOLABELLA

Here, on her breast,
 There is a vent of blood and something blown :
 The like is on her arm.

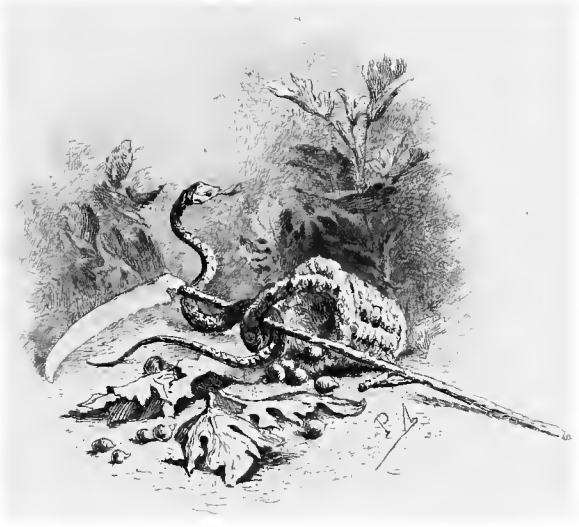
FIRST GUARD

This is an aspic's trail : and these fig-leaves
 Have slime upon them, such as th' aspic leaves
 Upon the caves of Nile.

CÆSAR

Most probable
 That so she died ; for her physician tells me
 She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite
 Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed ;
 And bear her women from the monument :
 She shall be buried by her Antony :
 No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
 A pair so famous. High events as these
 Strike those that make them ; and their story is
 No less in pity than his glory which
 Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall
 In solemn show attend this funeral ;
 And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, see
 High order in this great solemnity.

Exeunt.



GLOSSARY AND NOTES

BY J. THOMSON

ACT I

Page 1, line 8. — *Renegs* : an obsolete word properly spelt *reneges*, meaning renounces, sets aside, as in « King Lear », act. II, sc. II, line 84. It is rhymed with « leagued » in Sylvester's *Dubartas*.

2, 2. — *Gipsy's lust* : gipsy is used in its original sense for an Egyptian, and in its accidental sense for a bad woman.

2, 10. — *The sum* : be brief, sum thy business in a few words.

3, 5. — *Where's Fulvia's process* : where's Fulvia's summons.

3, 16. — *To wit* : or, as in the *Folios*, to weet, that is, to know.

5, 4. — *Charge his horns with garlands* : make him a rich and honourable cuckold, having his horns hung about with garlands.

7, 4. — *My children shall have no names* : shall be bastards.

8, 3. — *Work-a-day* : generally written, *worky-day*.

11, 2. — *Euphrates* : here written with a short ä, *Euphrätes*.

11, 12. — *Earing* : ploughing, tilling.

15, 2. — *Expedience* : haste, speed, meaning in this place, sudden departure.

15, 17. — *Courseur's hair*: referring to the belief that a horse's hair steeped long in corrupted water becomes a living worm.

19, 7. — *Garboils*: confused contentions, turmoils.

19, 9. — *Sacred vials*: the tiny lachrymatory vials which the Romans sometimes put into the funeral urns of kinsfolk and friends.

21, 9. — *Laurel'd victory*: better, laurel victory, which moreover was the language of Shakespeare's time.

23, 1. — *Mature in knowledge*: apparently a slip, as the sense seems to require the word immature; or, perhaps the Poet meant that, boys old enough to know their duty pawn, etc.

23, 19. — *Ear and wound*: plough and wound.

27, 8. — *Burgonet*: a close-fitting helmet, first used by the Burgundians, but unknown to Cleopatra and to Antony.

28, 10. — *Arm-girt steed*: a much-disputed phrase; the Folios have arm-gaunt, implying a horse gaunt with the continued weight of armour. Many substituted words, as termagant and arrogant, have been proposed, but, whatever epithet was used, Malone thinks it was intended as descriptive of a beautiful horse.

ACT II

32, 15. — *Salt*: lecherous.

32, 15. — *Wan'd lip*: a much disputed phrase; in old editions it is written wand and apparently stands for wan.

33, 7. — *Space for further travel*: a time in which a longer journey might have been made.

37, 17. — *You have not to make it with*: the interpolation of not is unmetrical: probably written, « you n' have ».

38, 10. — *Garboils*: tantrums.

38, 17. — *Missive*: Used for messenger.

40, 11. — *Your considerate stone*: an elliptical phrase depending on the expression of the voice, equivalent to « hence-

forth I am as silent as a stone ». Probably a forgotten proverb like, « silent as a stone ».

41, 17. — *Would be tales* : probably, « would be half tales. », to complete the metre and also agree with the next line, « where now half tales be truths ».

43, 11. — *My sister's view* : equivalent to, view of my sister.

45, 18. — *Tended her i' th' eyes* : watched the smallest indication given by Cleopatra : discovered her will by her eyes.

45, 19. — *Made their bends adornings* : in paying their obeisances to Cleopatra the humble bendings of their bodies were so graceful that they added to their beauty.

45, 22. — *Yarely* : readily, dexterously.

46, 13. — *Cropp'd* : was fruitful.

47, 4. — *Riggish* : *rigg* is an ancient word meaning a strumpet.

48, 8. — *Thither* : here written for hither.

48, 9. — *My motion* : my active part, my mind.

49, 17. — *Quails* : the Romans fought quails, like cocks, pitting them within a hoop.

50, 7. — *The Mount* : that is, Mount Misenum.

→ 51, 3. — *Billiards* : an anachronism; billiards were unknown for a thousand years after the time of Cleopatra.

57, 11. — *But* : some read « not »; and others write the line « that art not what thou'rt sore of ». The line is very disputed, and is probably a broken sentence, reading thus :

O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not! — What? thou 'rt sure of 't?

are you sure that he is married to Octavia?

59, 22. — *Fear us* : affright us.

62, 13. — North's Plutarch 1579 reads in margin : « Cleopatra trussed up in a mattresse and so brought to [Julius] Cæsar, upon Apollodorus backe. »

66, 15. — *Plants* : here used for soles of the feet, from the Latin.

- 67, 10. — *Partisan* : a heavy kind of halberd.
- 67, 17. — *Foison* : for foizon, a french word signifying plenty.
- 68, 12. — *Pyramises* : in use in Shakespeare's time for pyramids : moreover Lepidus was nearly intoxicated and his tongue began to « split what it speaks ».
- 69, 6. — *It own organs* : would now be written, its own organs.
- 69, 9. — *It own colour* : it, would now be written, its.
- 70, 13. — *Inclips* : embraces.
- 72, 7. — *Reels* : increase the world's giddy course.
- 72, 10. — *Strike the vessels* : as we now say, chink glasses, or, break a bottle.
- 73, 11. — *The holding* : the chorus, or, the burden of the song.

ACT III

- 77, 4. — *Pacorus* was the son of Orodes, king of Parthia.
- 78, 10. — *Him we serve* : doubtless, him we serve, is what Shakespeare wrote, but modern editors read more grammatically « when he we serve's away ».
- 80, 6. — *Thou Arabian bird* : the phoenix.
- 80, 14. — *Shards* : the scaly wing-cases of beetles : see, in « Macbeth », the « shard-borne beetle ».
- 81, 4. — *Band* : band, and bond, in Shakespeare's time were synonymous.
- 82, 11. — *Cloud in 's face* : a black spot on a horse's forehead is regarded as a great blemish, it being supposed to indicate an ill-temper.
- 85, 5. — *Me* : a slip for « I ».
- 90, 5. — *What is the success* : what follows? or, what is the issue?
- 90, 7. — *Rivality* : equal rank.
- 92, 11. — *Queasy* : fastidious, disgusted.

- 94, 6. — *Ostentation* : a slip in metre for « ostent », a word frequently used by Shakespeare.
- 96, 5. — *Trull* : here used as synonymous to harlot.
- 96, 11. — *Forspoke* : spoken against : compounded like forbid.
- 97, 4. — *Merely* : entirely, absolutely lost.
- 98, 18. — *Yare* : dextrous, manageable.
- 102, 9. — *Antoniad* : Plutarch says this was the name of Cleopatra's ship.
- 103, 4. — *Cantle* : fragment, or rather, corner.
- 103, 8. — *Ribaldred* : ribaudred in Folios : probably « ribald-rid nag », that is strumpet.
- 103, 12. — *Breese* : gad-fly.
- 103, 16. — *Loof'd* : to loof is to bring a ship close to the wind.
- 109, 2. — *Within* : superfluous, and apparently inserted in error.
- 109, 5. — *Schoolmaster* : Euphronius was schoolmaster to Cleopatra's children by Antony.
- 109, 13. — *His grand sea* : his, would now-a-days be supplied by its.
- 110, 19. — *Offers* : the sentence is transposed, and means « add more offers from thine invention ».
- 112, 5. — *Mered question* : the question being limited to him : used as a participial adjective formed from mere, or, meer.
- 113, 21. — *To square* : to quarrel.
- 115, 15. — *Shroud* : shelter.
- 116, 1. — *Deputation* : by, proxy, deputy.
- 116, 9. — *Your Cæsar's father* : Julius Cæsar was not the father, but the great uncle of Octavius (Augustus) whom he adopted.
- 117, 3. — *Muss* : scramble ; but more likely an allusion to a boy's game so called. The game is mentioned by Rabelais.
- 117, 10. — *Hand of she* . a slip for « her ».
- 117, 11. — *Was Cleopatra* : since she ceased to be Cleopatra.

- 118, 3. — *Feeders* : dependents.
 118, 21. — *The hill of Basan* : from Psalm LXVIII, 15.
 119, 4. — *Yare* : nimble, adroit.
 120, 1. — *Enfranched* : abbreviated form of enfranchised.
 120, 9. — *Ties his points* : acts as his body servant : the points tied the doublet to the hose; but not in Rome.
 120, 17. — *Discandying* : thawing.
 121, 18. — *Gaudy* . festive : gaudy is still an epithet bestowed on certain festival days at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

ACT IV

- 123, 4. — *Ways to die* : Shakespeare was misled by the ambiguity of the old translation of Plutarch, « Cæsar answered, that he [Antony] had many other ways to die, than so ».
 125, 5. — *Woo't thou* : wilt thou.
 126, 16. — *Yield you* : reward you.
 127, 1. — *Ho, ho, ho!* : ho is an interjection commanding to desist or leave off.
 130, 2. — *My chuck* : my chicken.
 130, 7. — *False, false; this, this* : this is the piece you ought to have given me, and not that of which you asked the use.
 132, 4. — *Well said* : well done : see « As you like it », act II, sc. VI, l. 14., and « Hamlet », act. I, sc. v, l. 162.
 134, 10. — *Three-nook'd world* : Europe, Asia, and Africa, the then whole known world.
 136, 5. — *Blows my heart* : swells, or, smites, my heart.
 136, 15. — *Droven* : a slip for driven.
 137, 2. — *An H* : an ache : so pronounced.
 138, 2. — *Gests* : deeds, exploits.
 138, 8. — *Clip* : Embrace, enfold.
 138, 15. — *Proof of harness* : armour of proof.
 139, 15. — *Owe them* : query, own them.
 139, 21. — *Tabourines* : small drums.
 140, 2. — *Court of guard* : room where the guard musters.

- 142, 2. — *Raught him* : reached him.
- 142, 3. — *Demurely* : soberly, solemnly.
- 143, 3. — *Go we up* : there is a hiatus here in the text : the words proposed correspond with the text of North's Plutarch.
- 144, 10. — *Triple turn'd* : Cleopatra was first the mistress of Julius Cæsar, then of Cneius Pompey, and afterwards of Antony.
- 145, 2. — *Crownet* : coronet.
- 145, 12. — *Doits* : the smallest coins ; half farthings.
- 145, 18. — *Teach me, Alcides* : Hercules, from whom Antony claimed descent, and who threw into the sea his servant Lichas, who brought him the poisoned shirt of Nessus from Dejanira.
- 146, 4. — *Than Telamon* : Ajax who went mad about the armour of Achilles.
- 146, 5. — *Emboss'd* : blown, and foaming at the mouth.
- 147, 12. — *Knave* : servant.
- 149, 6. — *Thy continent* : the thing that contains thee.
- 150, 19. — *Pleach'd* : intertwined, folded.
- 158, 2. — *Housewife Fortune* : pronounced hussif : a hussy, wanton : see similar use of « housewife » in « Henry IV », part II, « Henry V » and « Othello ».
- 159, 6. — *Remarkable* : a word, in Shakespeare's time, of very grave import : conspicuous.
- 159, 13. — *Chares* : task-work.

ACT V

- 161, 2. — *Frustrate* : frustrated.
- 166, 3. — *Fortune's knave* : the servant of fortune.
- 169, 2. — *If idle talk* : « if it will be necessary now, for once to waste a moment in idle talk of my purpose, I will not sleep neither. » Probably a line is lost after necessary, e. g. « I'll not so much as syllable a word ».
- 169, 13. — *Pyramides* : not pyramises (as at page 68).

- 171, 11. — *Plates* : pieces of silver money.
- 173, 6. — *Project* : proctor, or, shape, my cause.
- 175, 8. — *Envy* : malice, spite.
- 175, 11. — *Modern friends* : commonplace, unimportant, friends.
- 175, 19. — *Forbear, Seleucus* : retire, Seleucus.
- 178, 7. — *Scald* : a word of contempt implying poverty, disease, filth.
- 178, 12. — *Boy my greatness* : the parts of women on the stage were acted by boys.
- 178, 18. — *Absurd intents* : possibly an error for « *assur'd* ».
- 179, 3. — *Sirrah Iras* : *sirrah* was a familiar address applied to women as well as to men.
- 180, 2. — *Worm* : serpent : here it is the asp.
- 182, 2. — *Yare* : quickly, nimbly.
- 182, 12. — *Dost fall?* : as Cleopatra says « *farewell* » to Iras she applies an asp to her attendant; hence afterwards her murder of Iras, strikes her as cowardly, and she exclaims « *This proves me base* ».
- 182, 23. — *Intrinsicate* : intricate, or, tightly drawn.
- 183, 1. — *Ass unpolicied* : ass without more policy than, etc.
- 186, 7. — *Pursu'd conclusions* : tried experiments.
- 186, 11. — *Clip* : embrace, enfold.
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CE LIVRE

A ÉTÉ ACHEVÉ D'IMPRIMER

Le 30 Mars 1891

POUR

DUPRAT ET C^{IE}, ÉDITEURS

PAR

D. JOUAUST

A PARIS

